

POEMS
BY
THE IRISH GIRL.

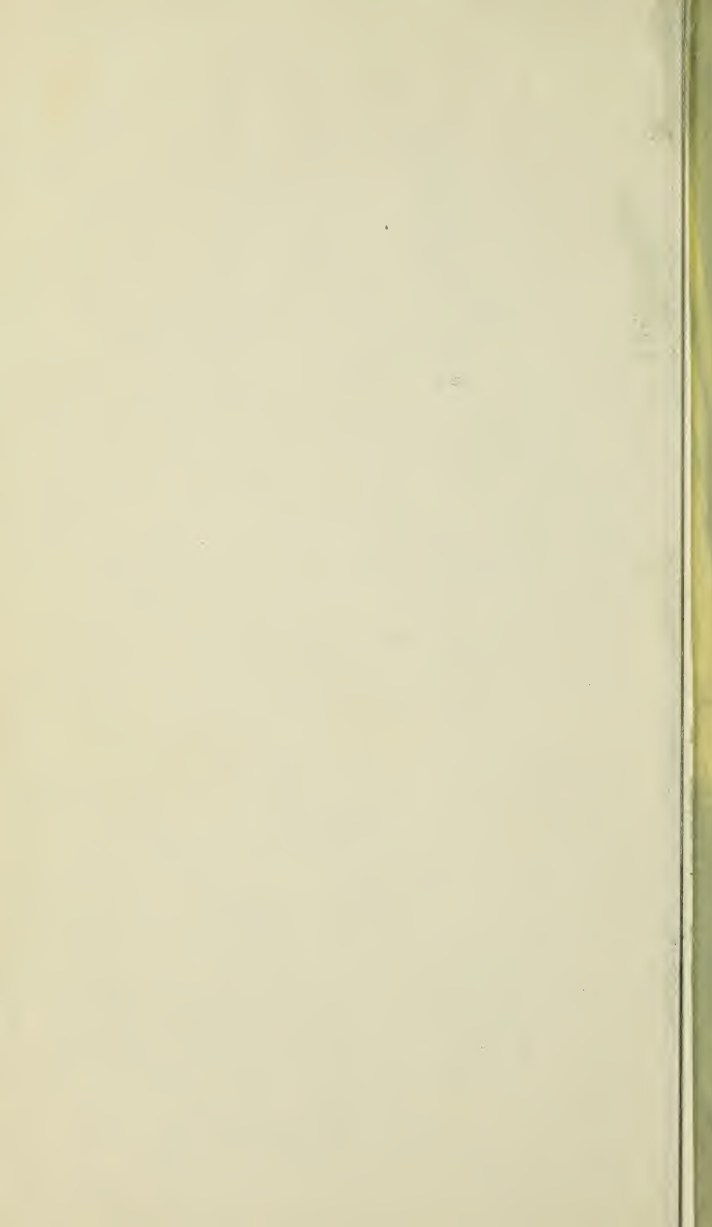


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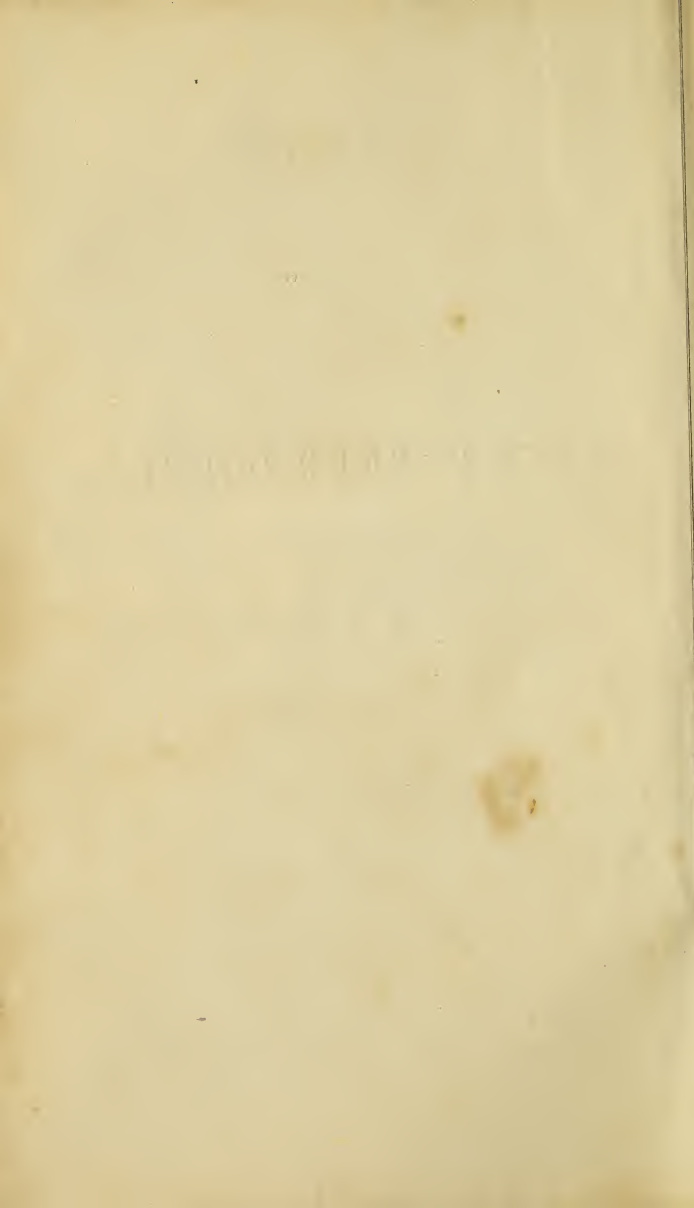


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To
Agnes Dunlop
from her
Aff^d Aunt Phoebe
August 12th
1865



POEMS

1740341

BY

SARAH PARKER DOUGLAS,

"THE IRISH GIRL."

Third Edition.

AYR:

PRINTED FOR THE AUTHORESS AT THE AYRSHIRE EXPRESS
OFFICE.

1861.

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TO

MRS. BAIRD, OF CAMBUSDOON,

AS A SLIGHT RECOGNITION OF KINDNESSES

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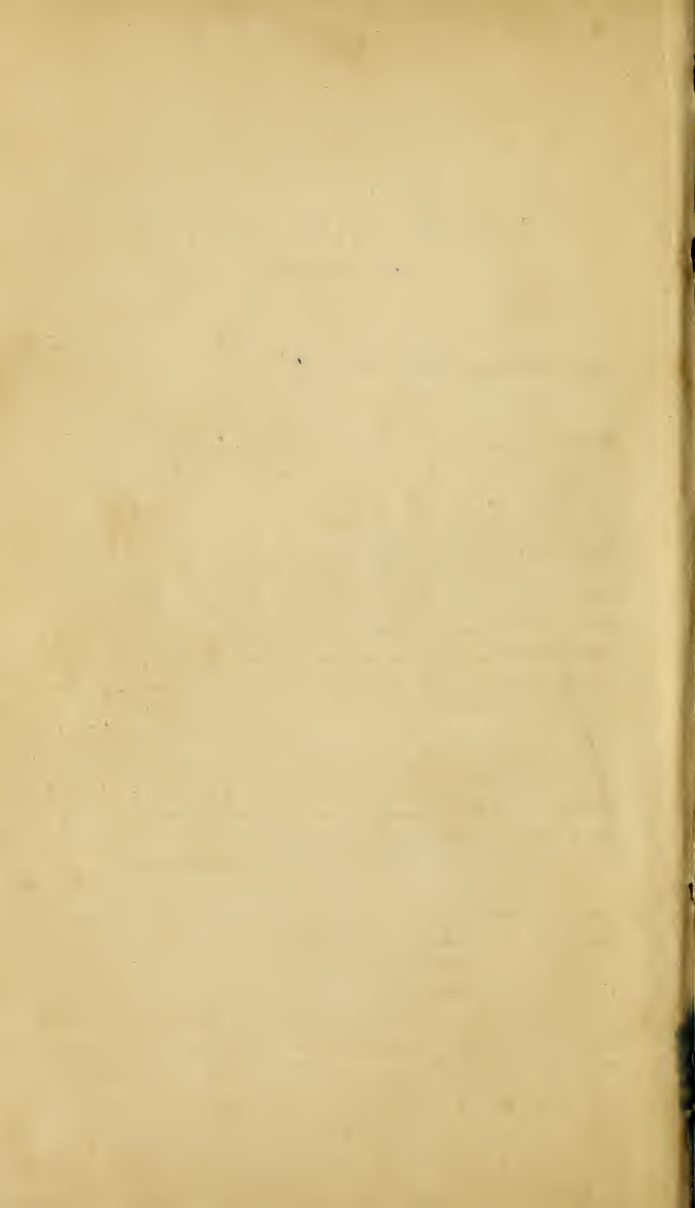
BY

The Authoress.

NOTE TO THIRD EDITION.

FIVE years have now elapsed since the second edition of the "Poems" appeared, and for a considerable time the entire issue has been out of print. To meet the demands of a circle of admirers which, I am proud to say, has been gradually widening, I have committed the present volume to the press, weeded of such of my earlier effusions as were either defective in construction or too ephemeral in interest to merit republication. This is therefore the completest collection of my verses yet given to the world; and should it win as much popular favour as that with which its predecessors were honoured, I shall have good reason to congratulate myself upon my third appeal to my patrons—the warm-hearted people of Ayrshire,—whose uniform kindness to "the Irish Girl" for many years I highly appreciate, and shall ever most gratefully cherish.

AYR, NOVEMBER, 1861.



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LIFE'S REVERSES.

Part First.

'Twas a cauld winter's e'en, wild an' bitter the blast
Which howled through the chinks o' the door as it
passed,

Till the snaw flakes whirled ben, an' the licht ashes
raised

Frae the comfortless hearth, whar the embers had
blazed :

Sad, sad was the picture o' wretchedness there,

O' beauty an' guilelessness, sufferin', an' care.

A mither still young, but pale, haggard, an' weak,

Looked as cauld as if death's han' had frozen her
cheek,

As a wee shiv'rin' lassie crouched close to her side,

Seekin' heat frae a share o' an auld tartan plaid ;

Whilst Jessie, the elder, wi' garments fu' scant,

Wha's face bore the impress o' sorrow an' want,

Bent silent an' sad, gi'en the embers a steer,
Aye stiflin' the deep sigh, an' dichtin' the tear.
Is't the gusty wind flings back the door wi' a daud?
Na, it's Tam, wi' a burden o' sticks frae the wood.
Puir wee callen, ye shake frae the head to the feet,
Your thin claes repel na the blast an' the sleet,
An' your een's a' begratten, sae chillin' the storm—
Fling on some boughs, Jessie, your brither to warm.
Laith the frost-laden sprays seem to kindle ava,
Lang an' dreich noucht was heard but the fizzin' o'
 snaw ;

At last, wi' a crackin', up louped the glad lowe,
Till gleams played like sunlicht on ilka wan brow.
“ I'nt that fine ! ” said wee Tam, as he crouched to the
 heat,

“ How nice it would ready a morsel o' meat ! ”
The dark een o' Jess were raised thoughtfu' an' sad
To the face o' her mither, an' that o' the lad,
When she risin' exclaimed, wi' attempt at a smile,
“ Weel, Tam, we'll hae something to eat in a while.
I'll awa' to the leddy wha lives at the ha',
An' be hame again, mither, before the nicht fa'.
She was pleased wi' the wark I did for her, ye ken,
But had na' sma' siller to pay me a' then ;
A balance remains, just a trifle, 'tis true,
But surely 'tis needed, an' honestly due ;
She'll aiblins think seekin' it noo is na richt,
But she kens na the mis'ry that craves it this nicht.”
Wi' a shudder the mither gazed out at the storm,
At her puir hungry bairns, at her dauchter's slight form :

“I canna think, Jessie, o’ lettin’ ye gang,
The snaw fa’s sae thick, an’ the journey’s sae lang.”
“But I can gang wi’ her,” said Tam, “for I ken
A’ the short cuts that bring ye fu’ soon through the
glen ;

Sae dinna be frichted, but keep the fire bricht,
An’ ye’ll see the gude supper we’ll a’ hae the nicht.”
A big tear rose up frae the widow’s fond heart
As she saw in the tempest her twa bairns depart,
Jessie’s face looked sae white ’neath her thick raven
hair—

Puir thing ! spite o’ hardships, sae peerlessly fair.
A prayer trembled forth frae her heart’s deep recess,
For strength to bear up ’neath ilk croudin’ distress.
“Oh, Mighty !” she cried, “but Thy dealings are
strange,

Wha e’er would hae dreamed o’ this pitifu’ change—
Fae comfort an’ plenty clashed down to the dust,
Nor a frien’ in the wide world to gie us a crust !”
Through her thin tremblin’ fingers tears trickled like
rain,

As she bowed down her pale face an’ grat like a
wean ;

But that gush through wae’s flood-gates her fu’ heart
relieved,

An’ brought a sad calm to the sairly bereaved.
Tears trickled nae mair, but she raised na her een,
Life’s hale panorama passed scene after scene :—
Noo, slowly an’ brichtly, a hame meets her sight,
Nae cloud o’ adversity darkens its licht ;

He is there wha ne'er saw a frien' poverty sad,
But he slipped him the wherewith to mak' his heart
glad—

Her ain darlin' Jamie, sae blythe an' sae braw,
Is there as he was, ere death bore him awa'.
They are in the auld hamestead, a' 's joy 'neath the
roof,

Nae want's there familiar, nae frien' stan's aloof :
'Tis a beautiful picture, that glimpse o' the past,
But Maggie dispels a' the sunshine at last.
The bairn sat selectin' ilk tiny bit bough,
Gazin' noo at her mither, noo feedin' the lowe,
When quo she, as a thocht filled her ponderin' head,
“ When the ravens cry, mither, wha gies them their
bread ? ”

“ 'Tis He, my wee Maggie, wha cares for us a',
Without wha's permission a sparrow can't fa'.”
“ Weel, He'll pity us tae, gin He looks down to see
Puir Jessie an' Tam, an' puir mither an' me.”
“ Frae babes an' frae sucklin's what wisdom we learn !
Your words hae consoled my puir bosom, my bairn ;
Your een's unco heavy, lean down ye'r wee head,
An' I'll wak ye, my pet, gin they come wi' the bread.”
The bairn in sweet slumber forgets a' her care,
But how dolefu' an' weary the mither sits there !

* * * * *

Down the glen stan's a biggin', a gran' stately ha',
Wi' porches o' marble, an' steps like the snaw,
Wha's inmates ken nocht o' the hunger an' care
That fa's to the lot o' the freenless an' puir ;

Nae nippin' blast blaws through their costly array,
An' their board is spread sumptuously every day.
Thitherward our twa trav'lers direc'ed their feet,
Noo sinkin' in snaw-drift, noo blin' wi' the sleet,
Wi' limbs amaist frozen, scarce able to stan' ;
At the door o' the area, the front seems too gran',
They timidly chappit, but cook didna hear,
For the snaw-laden blast whistled loudly an' drear.
Then they knocked loud and louder, an' shiver'd an'
stood,
Till she half ope'd the door, in nae mitherly mood.
"Gang awa, clatty things," she roared out, "gang
awa,
Ye canna be ser'd—comin' here i' the snaw,
Garrin' folks ope the door till it drifts in their face ;"
And she dauded it tae wi' a tarmigent grace.
Dumfounder'd they stood, wi' her words in their ear,
No a tongue could they move, no a fit could they
steer,
Till Tam faltered out, wi' his teeth chatt'rin' sair,
"Ah, Jessie, but puir folks hae muckle to bear,—
She tak's us for beggars come seekin' our bread."
"Whist, Tam ; dinna say that ; it gars my heart
bleed ;
Come roun' to the front an' we'll ring the ha' bell,
And say that our errand's to the leddy hersel'."
Embaulden'd by feelin' they saucht but their due,
The orphans stood ringin' with courage anew.
A lacquay tripped licht ower the carpeted flair,
Wi' gowd lace on his doublet an' oil on his hair ;

Like Cookie, far ben in the shelter he stood,
But speered what they wanted in accent no rude.
“Please to see the young leddy a journey we’ve ta’en.”
“Well, I’m sorry,” said he, “that your journey is
vain.”
“Sir,” said Jess, growing faint, “she’s frae hame,
then, I ween?”
“No, she’s here, but our leddies are not to be seen.”
“But she saw me ae day, when I brocht hame her
dress :”
“She’ll no be seen noo, lassie, nevertheless.”
“No be seen!” she exclaimed, wi’ a look o’ despair,
Then aiblins ye’ll tak’ the bit message up stair.”
The valet seem touched, for he said with a sigh,
“Ah! that’s no allowed, yet come ben an’ I’ll try.”
Fu’ gratefu’ the pair to the mat stepped ben,
An’ the cause o’ their journey few words let him ken ;
In hope an’ suspense there we lea’ them to stan’,
And up to his leddy we follow the man.
On a carpeted landin’, wi’ doors on ilk side,
He paused, chappit saftly, then opened ane wide ;
The splendour within would maist dazzle your een,
Sic ease and sic comfort on a’ sides were seen.
Nae winter was there, nae cheeks blenched wi’ the
cauld ;
Nae wame gnawed by hunger neath garbs thin and
auld ;
Ilk group looked as warm as ’twas summer’s saft
prime,
A’ thrang at amusements to try an’ *kill time* ;

A gran' Turkey carpet, sae bossy an' bricht,
Looked as though it would sink to feet never so licht,
Wi' its rich gleamin' scarlet spread warm ower the
flair,

An' saft velvet covered ilk sofa and chair ;
The very wa' paper seemed fu' o' sun-rays,
As the big fire flung roun' it the licht o' its blaze.
On this sofa twa matrons wi' head to head bent,
Had a crack tae themsels o' a likely event ;
The ane was the hostess, the ither a frien',
Wha protested she felt muckle pleasure yestreen
Tae see their rich guest, the young artist an' squire,
Sae ta'en up wi' Clara, wham a' maun admire—
He would be sic a gran' an' desirable match
Whom sae many mamma's trigged their dauchters to
catch.

Round that table a party sat silent, yet thrang
At the cards they were pushin' the moment's alang ;
Whilst halflins reclined on a saft crimson seat,
Wi' a footstool supportin' her silk slippered feet,
Leaned Miss Clara, as absent as ane in a trance,
Sae engrossed ower the page o' a thrilling romance.
How the tokens o' sympathy maist dimmed her sight
As the ideal heroine's waes cam to licht ;
But when John stood respectfu', and waited a wee,
Till up frae the novel she lifted her e'e,
An' delivered the *true* child o' suff'rin's request,
Naucht but sense o' annoyance awoke in her breast,
As wi' indolent movement an' look a' displeased,
Quo she, " You know, John, we are not to be teased ;

Tell the girl she must just step out some other day
When ma's more at leisure, and guests gone away ;"
An' liftin' the buik, she continued, " What fash
Those poor people give for a trifle of cash !"
But wha caught her last words she wasna aware ;
She fancied the valet aye sauntering there,
An' looked up wi' a frown, which the same moment
fled,

An' a smile bricht as mornin' appeared in its stead ;
But the answerin' beam in the een didna shine
O' the squire, wha's grave glances she couldna define.
A true son o' genius in talent and heart
Was he, his saul's poetry a' in his airt.
A scene a' but leevin' on canvass he'd spread—
The Mount, the sad Cross, and immaculate dead ;
There grouped the disciples the Saviour around,
There stood the three Mary's in anguish profound.
A sad upturned visage he saught to invest
Wi' a sorrow mair holy, mair deep than the rest :
" To my virgin mair angelic sadness maun fa,"
Mutter'd he as he carelessly passed through the ha',
When the young face o' Jessie, wha's features sae pure,
Bore the impress o' a' she was doomed to endure,
Caught his e'e, an' rivetted his feet to the flair.
The mournfu' Madona a' perfect was there,
The hair shading' saftly the sorrowfu' broo,
'The een raised sae anxious, the sma' chisel'd mou'—
Aye could he hae glowered, but rememb'rin' 'twas
rude,
His way up the stair he fu' thoughtfu' pursued.

There the crack o' Miss Clara, which ser'd to explain
The puir lassie's errand, his heart filled wi' pain ;
Weel she kenn'd wi' kind feeling it gushed to the
brim,

Sae she played aff the amiable aye afore him ;
She had gi'en, wi' his knowledge, much siller awa,
But if he o'erheard her just now 'twould spoil a'.

"What a storm !" she exclaimed, as a fierce rattlin'
shower

O' hail struck the window wi' fury an' power.

"How thankfu' should those be," returned the young
squire,

"Wha's hame's fu' o' comforts, wha's seat's by the
fire."

"True," sighed out Miss Clara wi' sanctified air,

"I'm glad my donation is gane to the puir."

"I pity," quo he, "in that tempest an' snaw,
The pair things that waited sae lang in the ha' ;
Necessity must, in a desperate form,

Hae driven them here in that pitiless storm."

She then stammered out, wi' a hem an' a ha,

At sewing the girl was employed by mamma.

The squire noo resolved, soon as morn had returned,
To mak' the hame glad where the needy ones mourned.

But that nicht's awfu' suff'rin', an' nameless distress,

Tae the wand'rin' an' weary, what words wad express,
As in silence, wi' bosoms pitch-black wi' despair,

They dolefully faced the wild tempest ance mair—

Nae strength to resist the fierce breath o' the gale,

Nae happin' to shield frae ilk volley o' hail ;

Mair like ghaists than aucht leevin', when nicht was far
gane,

They reached their ain dwellin', but comfort broucht
nane.

Oh! the age o' distress to the hungry an' cauld
That lay in that ae nicht, nae words could unfauld—
Nae escape frae starvation, save ane—oh! the grief!—
To-morrow the workhouse nicht yield them relief.
They saucht their hard pallet to think an' to weep,
But ilk e'e was saft closed by the angel o' sleep,
Wha 'twixt them an' misery spread out his braid wings,
An' hid frae their vision a' sorrowfu' things.
Licht an' lang be your slumbers, ye weary and worn,
For the dark hour aboon ye 's the ane nighest morn.

Part Second.

Through the snaw-darkened window the cauld licht
o' day

Keekit ben, whare ilk face met its glance wi' dismay.
They had 'rose frae the slumber the famishin' ken
Tae anither new day, but what joy could it len'?

It broucht the dark hour o' their wish an' their dread,
When as paupers they'd crave workhouse shelter and
bread ;

Yet tears e'en on Maggie's wee cheek were na seen,
A passive despair filled their languishin' e'en,
As in silence they bided the hour drawin' nigh
When the starvin' to guardians must humbly apply ;
They wished the ordeal o' entrin' was past,
That e'en there they were hid wi' their misery at last.
A hasty rat tat at the door gars them start,
For oh ! unco feeble an' nervous each heart.
Jess, white as a sheet, scarce can gang ower the flair,
The door she unsnecks—'tis the postman is there.
The back o' a great muckle letter he scans,
As he mutters, " This comes through a wheen o' posts'
hands ;

It's maist covered ower wi' 'no here,' and 'no there,'
But aiblins frae this it will travel nae mair :
Does there bide here ane Margaret Thamson, or
Lee ?"

" Yes," answered the widow, a' tremblin', " that me."
" A's richt," quo the post, an' turned quick on his
heel,

As Jess took the letter, and glower'd at the seal.
" No to me," quo the mither, " don't gie it to me,
My head's turned that licht no a blink could I see,
What on airth is't about, or wha can it be frae,
It's surely no bringin' mair grief than we hae ?"
Jess broke ope the seal, the contents she outspread,
First unfauldin' a stamp'd sheet a' prented wi' red.

“Is it for us ava?” quo she, raisin’ her e’en,

“It’s a bank draught for hunthers—see, what can it mean?”

“First the letter that’s wi’ it, Jess, woman, read through,”

Quo the mither, noo dichtin’ the sweet frae her broo’.

Wi’ deep agitation, and mony a pause,

Jessie read out the letter, ilk line, and ilk clause.

“Read again,” quo the mither, “I’m no worth a preen,”

An’ the wee lass an’ callen glower’d a’ mouth an’ e’en.

Frae a lawyer the widow was made understan’

That her uncle had died in a far foreign lan’.

Many years he had been a rich settler there,

Was rowin’ in gowd, but no blest wi’ an heir;

Had been married to ane wha a queen micht be styled.

Wha had left him abundance o’ gear, but nae child.

Though lang he’d forgotten baith kinty an’ kin,

When nature gi’ed warnin’ o’ death’s comin’ in,

Hame feelin’s, long dormant, revived in his breast,

Sae he willed tae his brither’s bairns a’ he possessed.

The Deeds to a popular lawyer were sent,

Wha to find out the parties was deeply intent.

Frae their hame o’ lang syne tae his letter arrived

A reply, that but ane o’ the Thamson’s survived;

A dauchter, named Maggie, tae ane Lee was wed,

Wha gi’ed back in the warld ere he dee’d, it was said,

An’ left her in some ither part, ’twould appear,

Wi’ a wheen o’ sma’ bairnies, on naithin’ to rear.

To fin’ oot this widow a’ airts were employed,

The virtue o’ paragraphs often was tried;

At length wi' success his exertions were crowned,
And his letter in safety the Widow Lee found.
"I've had boldness," he added, "this small sum to
send,

In hopes it will, meantime, serve some little end ;
At your early appointment a journey I'll take,
Explanations to give, and arrangements to make ;
Meantime, my dear madam, I'd have you aware,
You are whole and sole heiress to a millionaire."

What wonder sic news made them dizzy a wee,
An' was liken to put their puir senses agee.
"Rin ower to the huxter wife, Tam, my wee man,
An' say she's to come and speak quick as she can."
Wi' vague sense o' guid fortune Tam ran a' his micht,
Wond'rin' where was the siller, for nane met his sight.
"Please, mistress, my mither says come ower and
speak ;"

"Na, na," said the huxter wife, "trust she would seek—
Gang hame again, laddie, and tell her I said
No a plack's worth she'll get till the last laif is paid."
"Did ye e'er ken the like o't," said she, "a' yer life?"
Addressing her words to a customer wife.
"The callen looks hunger'd," the woman replied.
"I'se warrant he's that, or the neighbours hae lied ;
That his mither has unco bad health tae they've
learn'd,

But I canna for ilka sick wife feel concerned."
The customer thoughtfully counted her gear,
Paid her groceries, exclaiming, "A shilling's yet here ;

Guid kens I hae plenty o' sin on my head
Without hae'n it to spare, an' folks starvin' for
bread ;

Gae's some things to mak' the puir bodies some tea,
Baith sickness and poortith is sair, sair to dree."
The victuals were boucht, an' the wife let her ken
Where they lived, and the kindhearted woman went
ben,

Wi' many excuses for makin' sae bauld,
Her errand she gently began to unfold.
"Noo dinna be angry, guid people," said she,
No ane kens this heartless world better than me ;
I hae had muckle trial, and may meet wi' mair,
Yet at times I hae thought I had double my share."
The guid woman's kindness was gratefully ta'en,
She'd come as a frien', an' a frien' should remain ;
Her clean checket brat was raised aft to her een,
As they spak' o' the hardships an' misery they'd seen ;
But when they related the change o' affairs,
Her joy and surprise seemed as boundless as theirs.
She noticed the weak'ning effects o' their fast,
An' nimbly she readied the cheering repast.

"Noo I'm longin', quo she, "to rin ower the way,
And tell the auld huxter wife all that's adae ;
Oh ! woman, her heart is sae flinty an' proud,
Disdainin' the puir an' just worshippin' gowd ;
'Twill vex her I ken—sae good bye, folks, good bye,
An' I'm sure I gang hame wi' a heart fu' o' joy."
The huxter's first impulse on hearin' the fac'
Was a heap o' shop guid in a napkin to pack ;

But her blythesome informant to that put a stop,
Sayin', "Guidwife, they could noo buy yoursel' an'
your shop,"

As she stepped out enjoying the huxter's chagrin,
Wha on her ain sel' loudly vented her spleen."

"Oh! ye luckless auld vixen, ye'r aye far ahin'
When aucht o' guid fortune is blawn i' the win';
Could ye no hae gane ower wi' the lad when he
speer'd?

But for losin' a bawbee ye're aye unco fear'd.
Stupid body! wi' spite I could ding aff my head,
Tae think what I've lost, a' for ae laif o' bread.
Had I gane to the wife in a civil like way
There's no kennin' what micht hae happened the day.
Worth thoosands! she says—I could wager my life
The shillin's the makin' o' that neighbour wife;
But wha would hae thought it was comin' to that,
To hae seen the half-naked, half-starved lookin' brat—
Indeed, had I kent what was comin' to pass,
Uncivil I would na hae been to the lass."

Then she tried frae the thocht consolation to draw,
That aiblins the news was a' clash after a'.
Meantime the Ha' carriage pu'd up at the Lees',
Miss Clara a' nicht had felt puirly at ease—
No that pangs o' remorse in her bosom had share,
For the waes o' the needy she'd ne'er learnt to care—
To dismiss a pair boddie wi' "ca' back again,"
Was a thing too familiar to awake aucht o' pain,—
Yet she felt that the action, like some luckless spell,
Garr'd the squire wi' reserve quite envelope himsel';

And, ' tho' boilin' wi' spleen at the course she maun tak'
To keep in his graces, an' favour win back—
For the game's sudden motion her confidence shook,
Tho' sae close to her angle, 'twas no on the hook,—
Sae wi' voice o' compassion, as breakfast had closed,
A drive to the village wi' haste she proposed;
“ The business is urgent and needful,” she sighed,
“ The poor sewing girl must with work be supplied.”
Mamma kent ower much to oppose her desire,
Sae she went on her mission—her escort the squire.
Sic visitors gi'ed the Lees rather a start,
Jess had just to the Banker prepared to depart;
Nae change in her claithin' as yet had ta'en place,
But the artist observed unco change in her face.
Though pensive an' sweet, 'neath her glossy black hair
The anguish that marked it yestreen was na there;
There was dignity, too, in the pale mither's e'e,
That the noble Miss Clara had nae thocht to see.
Wi' great condescension her name she reveals,
Whilst the flunkey the bundle brings ben at her heels.
“ At desire of mamma, I have given this call,
And brought you some sewing and change from the Hall;
And when it is finished just step out for more,
For I see,” added she, “ you are wretchedly poor.
I am one of a party, united to serve
The indigent class, if they really deserve;
So should you be found, when inquiry is made,
Of benefit worthy, depend on my aid.
But paupers of late have so grossly imposed
That we almost decided our fund should be closed;

On our charity list, then, I'll enter your name,
When by proper credentials you prove you have claim."
The leddie here ended her lang rigmarole,
Whilst ilk ane its finishin' hardly could thole.

Wi' downricht displeasure the squire could na speak,
An' a het spot o' crimson ting'd Jessie's fair cheek;
But the mither, though sair by sic graceless words
stung,

Had mair the command o' her feelin's an' tongue:—

"Young leddie," quo she, "if your motive be guid,
Your way o' befriendin's baith heartless and rude,
An' has ower much the tinkle o' cymbal an' brass,
To gar it for genuine charity pass.

You say we are wretchedly puir an' forlorn,
—An' sae we were, leddie, in a' ways this morn—
Yet, think ye, because folks are puir an' distress'd,
'T must follow nae sensate pulse throbs in their breast.
It needet nae visit to tell ye our tale—

Yestreen it was yours with the snaw-laden gale,
In the cauld breath o' which my bairns travelled to
crave

The penny weel earned, frae starvation to save.
Had you troubled yoursel' wi' but ae kindly care,
You'd at once hae jaloused fell distress broucht them
there.

Dinna frown, my young lady, I kenna yer heart,
But I ken ye don't act 'Leddie Bountifu's' part;
Ower much ostentation in givin' o' alms
Aye inflicts on the humbled heart stabs wi' its
balms.

Sirs the day, I feel thankfu' nae help I require,
As you'll ken frae this letter," quo she to the squire,
Wha stood inly enjoyin' the weel-timed rebuke—
O' the guid woman's feelin's he fully partook,
An' managed to hide a bit smile when he saw
The young leddie's rage, wha looked daggers at a'.
Truth was, the puir lassie's good looks roused her ire,
When she saw they attracted ilk glance o' the squire;
Besides, in her presence, the mither's calm air,
What business had beauty an' grace wi' the puir ?
Sae she used ostentation, an' that wi' a zeal,
Tae gie vent to her anger, an' gar boddies feel ;
An' which, at the widow's reply, reached that stage
O' passion pent up ca'd concentrated rage.
But her wrath cooled fu' soon, though explosion was
near,

When she came the contents o' the letter to hear ;
Whatever her ain private feelin's micht be,
She turned affable noo to the highest degree—
Quite free an' respectfu' like, joinin' the chat,
An' gi'en the dark head o' wee Meg a bit pat :
For the squire, wi' the interest a frien' micht display,
Speered a' about what they intended to dae,
An' said they his services freely micht claim,
Till he saw them installed in a mair fittin' hame ;
Sae the visitors bade them a smiling adieu,
Wi' promise tae aften their visits renew.

Part Third.

Nae winter reigns noo, wi' its cauld an' its gloom ;
Fair simmer a' round us spreads verdure an' bloom—
There the sward's a' bespangled wi' flowers o' ilk hue,
And here's a green archway invitin' ane through.
How fragrant an' caller it's sweet breezy shade,
Fu' o' saft dreamy sounds frae a distant cascade ;
Here's a part where the leaves are sae twinin' aboon,
Ane would fancy they stray'd neath the licht o' the
moon ;

An' there the sun dances twixt boughs mair apart,
Whilst the wee birds in song tell the joy o' their heart.
Noo the lang leafy alley is trod, an' we meet
Wi' sudden surprise a delighfu' retreat,—
A cottage, whase wa's verdant runners creep o'er,
Festoonin' wi' bloom ilka lattice an' door ;
Before the braw dwellin' a braid lawn is seen,
Wi' gowans a' glitterin', like pearls on its green,
An' bordered wi' flower tufts o' ilka sweet dye,
A' seemin' in brilliance wi' ither tae vie.
Sae lovely the scene, 't would maist gar ane believe
'Twas a miniature o' the lost Eden o' Eve.
As a casement richt ower a sweet flower bed opes
wide,
Frae which the lythe woodbine's pushed gently aside,
An' a face o' rare beauty, sae happy an' bright,
Surveys the glad scene wi' a flush o' delight.

The rich raven hair, an' the dark speakin' e'e,
Reminds us fu' weel o' our frien' Jessie Lee;
But the saft rounded visage an' cheek like the rose,
An' figure sae plump, seem that thought to oppose.
Yet, 'tis she, our ain Jessy, wi' heart aye the same,
The pride an' delight o' her noo happy hame.
A youth tall an' strappin', with soul-lichted broo,
Frae a tree-shaded side walk advances to view;
Sae wondrous the change in his features an' form,
We scarce can believe him wee Tam o' the storm.
Wi' a bound the white steps at the ha' door he clears,
An' lauchin' wi' Jess at the window appears;
But o' mither an' Maggie we're anxious to ken,
Sae, wi' leave, Maister Tammie, we'll follow ye ben.
'Tis a snug sittin' parlour, whase furnishin' chaste
Displays the perfection o' neatness an' taste;
Noucht is wantin' to mak' it baith cozie and braw,
Nae untidy arrangement, nae vulgar geegaw;
The licht leaves like net work the window half-screen,
An' lights the neat chamber wi' soft sunny green,
Whilst a vase o' rich workmanship, loaded wi' bloom,
Fresh culled frae the garden, spreads richest perfume.
Attired in a plain suit o' rich sober grey,
The mither appears an' looks bloomin' as May;
A' traces o' want produced sickness have fled,
Whilst health and contentment are there in their stead.
Ben comes a braw missie, wi' braid gipsey hat,
Half shadin' a countenance ruddy and fat;
'Tis Maggie—how changed since we gazed on her last,
Though seasons but few hae sin syne flitted past!

They haud hallowdays noo, the vacation has cam',
 An' weel they enjoy the hame visit o' Tam.
 In their wonderfu' rescue frae poverty's fangs,
 Hae they banished frae min' a' its horrible pangs ;
 An' rowin' in gowd, settled down on their lees,
 Makin' up for the past wi' self-comfort an' ease ?
 Na, na, for miles roun' them they're blessed an' they're
 roosed,

Their bounty's sae muckle, an' kindly diffused ;
 Disdainin' the thoughts o' display afore men—
 What the richt han' performeth the left doesna ken.
 "My bairns," quo the wife, "in our mind we maun
 bear

This gowd is a talent gi'en up to our care ;
 We are stewards o' it noo, an' maun gie an' account
 O' its use or abuse, to the nicest amount.
 We would peril our soul then if hoard it we dare,
 When the owner commands that the needy get share ;
 Its rust a swift witness against us would be,
 Besides there's nae mockin' His all seein' ee.
 Many trusted wi' muckle, near fash at want's wail,
 But when ca'd to account fondly think 'twill avail
 To atone for the duties through life left undone
 To gie what they can't haud to ilk charity fund.
 O' that system, my bairns, no' a trial we'll mak',
 Lest we meet in the end wi' an unco mistak' ;
 For supposin' a king o' our ain had decreed
 That a company should on a journey proceed,
 An' frae his abundance gied plenty for a'
 Tae stewards appointed, wi' written down law,

That they tak' o' the treasures o' which they hae tent,
An' furnish the lave wi' supplies as they went ;
Fu' an' free they micht use it themsel's day by day,
But their fellows they maunna let faint by the way.
Noo, supposin' these stewards, when on a bit gane,
Began to claim a' in their charge as their ain,
Let the lave bear the burden an' heat o' the day,
Ne'er fashin' their head wi' their weal or their wae ;
Allowin' them oft times wi' hunger to dee,
Whilst they pampered ilk lust o' their ain heart an' ee ;
E'en tryin' their mission a' ways to disclaim,
Till the summons that ca'd them to reckonin' came.
They maun gang—an' oh ! fearfu', that hoarded up
gear,
Whilst the king's subjects perish—but stricken' wi' fear
They snatch up the buke (done themselves wi' the
gowd),
On its last page a wheen o' donations they croud ;
I doubt if an earth king tae sic would exclaim,
' Weel done guid an' faithfu', you've served without
blame.'
Our office, my bairns, we maun truly fulfil,
We rejoice in the means an' are blest wi' the will ;
An' hae felt what the gentry ne'er ken'd a' their days,
Nor half can imagine o' poverty's waes."
Sae they made it a rule aye to gang to their bed
Wi' the thoct that joy rays through some heart they
had shed ;
Into puir bodies houses they didna intrude,
Speerin' after affairs wi' a sympathy rude.

Yet their favours they did not confine to that class
O' stout, sturdy beggars whose visage is brass ;
Nor yet on ilk list wi' a flourish put down
The guid they dispensed till the press it went roun' ;
But they took aye the kindly an' delicate way
Ilka gift, no' 'neath charity's name, to convey ;
Their bounty fell plenteous, as dewes o' the e'en',
Refreshin' a' round, yet descendin' no seen.
Philanthropists truly in heart an' in fame,
Frae the mither to Maggie, were a' in that hame.
Unco bonnie an' braw this bricht morn lookit Jess,
Sae neatly busked up in a licht snawy dress,
An' mid the dark hair saftly shadin' her broo',
Glowed a moss rose still glittrin' wi' morn's pearly dew ;
Some pleasant excitement mak's brichter her een,
Whilst the blush on her cheek is aye varyin' seen.
At length comes the sound that her flushin' explains,
A carriage rows swift ower the wee pebble stanes,
An' presently steppet familiarly ben
The squire, wha aye gies them a day noo an' then ;
O' a son an' a brither he acts aye the part,
But a feelin' mair deep has ta'en captive his heart.
In Jessie he sees a' that beauty o' mind—
Chaste, womanly, tender—a' graces combined :
That their hearts had companionship each only knew,
For virtue to virtue instinctively drew,
Till love, honest, ardent as e'er was confessed,
Based on highest esteem, rose brimfu' in ilk breast.
Sae the eve o' the mornin' on which they noo meet
Saw the squire tell his love-tale, tho' no at her feet,

But wi' een sparklin' tenderness, earnest and bland,
 As he held in his ain her saft, willin' wee hand;
 He asked her to brighten his heart an' his ha',
 To let him say wifie—name dearest o' a';
 On life's journey to draw her close, close to his side,
 To be her companion, protector, an' guide.
 An' when wi' a blush that the rose might weel shame,
 She modestly owned to an equal love flame,
 An' candidly said, wi' her een fu' o' tears,
 Unscruplin' she'd trust him the lave o' life's years,
 He pressed on her honest an' love-lighted brow
 A kiss, fervent seal o' her bliss-givin' vow.

* * * * *

Words canna reveal a' the joys o' the day
 That beheld Jessie Lee in her bridal array;
 Throughout a' the district, in cot far an' near,
 The inmates partook o' a liberal cheer;
 An' wi' bosoms warm swellin' wi' thanks, an' wi' pride,
 Roosed and toasted the squire an' his beautifu' bride.
 An' how high in her husband's mind rose the fair Jess,
 Clad in simple, an' snaw white, but jewelless dress,
 For only her lord's weddin' gift did she wear—
 A string o' pure pearls on a bosom as fair.
 "My heart wouldna' gie me," she smilingly said,
 "On baubles to spend what would gie bodies bread;
 Kind nature supplies me wi' a' I desire,
 This dewy fresh bouquet, an' fragrant rose tiar."
 An' truly the flowers wreathed amid her dark hair
 Looked mair sweet on her broo' than would gems hae
 done there.

The guests were a worthy an' weel chosen band,
 True genteels, though boastin' nae bluid o' the grand;
 To virtue and nobleness closely allied,
 Esteemin' ilk ither, an' lovin' the bride.
 Round that breakfast board glistened little brocade,
 Nor was there a store o' bricht jewels displayed,
 But diamond e'en glinted pure rays from the heart,
 An' simple robes faulded o'er breasts void o' art,
 An' a' went as merry as merry could be,
 Wi' wishin', an' toastin', an' jokin', an' glee,
 Until the squire's carriage, wi' proud, prancin' steeds,
 Impatiently tossin' their gay tasselled heads
 At the ha' door appearin', put mirth to a stan',
 An' told the young couple the hour was at han'.
 Then was fond embracin', smiles, weepin' an' a',
 An' the squire an' his bonnie bride galloped awa';
 The fond mother dryin' affection's proud tear,
 Resumed the glad hostess, wha's wish was to cheer.

* * * * *

Muckle music an' mirth there is noo in the glen,
 That mansion's a scene far too bricht for our pen,
 Ilk room's filled wi' leddies a' busked wi' lace,
 On their feet satin slippers, gay smiles on their face,
 Sae fanned an' sae feathered, you'd think if wind
 stirred

Their plumes an' their gauzes, they'd flee like a bird.
 But Miss Clara outrivals them a' in array,
 She's spangles an' clouds frae the head to the tae,
 She's a bride, an' her lord boasts o' bluid in his veins
 As heich as the mountains, an' auld as the stanes;

Though braggart an' sporter were stamped on his
name,

A rakish repute was mair glory than shame.

Sae thought the young leddy wha's nuptials tak' place,

Wha had lang thrown the hypocrite's mask frae her face,

Sae soon as had vanished a' chance o' the squire,

An' the gay rake her charms had professed to admire,

The kirk for the opera quick she forsook,

Was marked "donor" nae mair in ilk charity book ;

But in ba' route an' race-course displayed ilka grace,

Till the scion was caught o' short purse, but lang race.

We needna gang hame wi' the wedded, I ween,

The squire's bonnie leddy's by nature a queen ;

O' her weel-deserved happiness easy, we guess,

Still see in her gran' ha's our ain simple Jess.

An' enough o' Miss Clara, the heartless an' proud,

We ken, not to feel that her future's a cloud.

Sae wi' Tam at the college pursuing his lear,

And Maggie at hame free, guid-natured, an' fair,

Mrs Lee, in her feelin' an' mitherly way,

Pourin' balm on some wounded heart day after day,—

We lea' them, an' let some lang years intervene,

Before we again meet ilk face and ilk scene.

* * * * *

The grun' wears a snaw shroud, and sae does the trees,

Snaw darkens an' loadens the cauld piercin' breeze,

Tis a nicht for a roof 'twixt ane's head an' the sky,

For the gale to a tempest is risin' fu' high ;

'Tis just sic a nicht as when Tammy and Jess

Returned frae the ha' in sic nameless distress,

An', havin' outbraved the rude pitiless storm,
At hame found nae ingle nook cozie an' warm.
Sae fresh in ilk bosom that nicht aye appears,
At sicht o' anither's misfortune or tears;
Yet poverty then gave its last kick an' blow,
For the morn brought them sunshine and plenty, we
 trow.

We left them contented, an' wealthy, an' weel,
Yet time's kenned sae aften strange changes to deal,
That wild as the nicht is we'll gie them a ca',
An', as our way's past it, peep first at the ha',
Though the proud Lady Clara's scarce worthy the
 toil

O' wadin' through snaw to her gran' domicile.
Hech! this is a gala night, ane might declare,
The great muckle windows throw out sic a glare,
An' the sounds, that aboon the hail's pelting we hear,
Like the laughter o' bairnies come glad to our ear.
'Tis Christmas they haud: in this room what a din!
Wi' your leave, little bodies, we'll take a peep in;—
Why, here's a half-dozen o' bairnies an' mair,
Wi' nurses wha feign in their mirth to tak share.
Hae ye emptied the toy shops, ye favour'd wee band?
Sic tiny toy wonders fill carpet an' hand;
Noucht ye ken o' the sorrows this season imparts,
In their fuelless hames, to wee shivering hearts,
Nor aught o' their pangs, little anes, may ye ken;—
But the drawing-room opes, sae we'll noo venture ben.
Sirs the day! here's a room would maist dazzle your een,
Sae rich in its fittin's, yet hamely an' bien,

In which a braw party enjoys richt guid cheer,
But the gay Lady Clara does nowhere appear.
Is't a dream? or is't here a' our auld friends we see?—
There's the squire an' his leddie, an' kind Mrs Lee,
There's Maggie, an' Tam, an' a creature sae fair,
You'd think a sunray lit ilk curl o' her hair,
Wha seems the proud mansion's sweet sylph to preside,
An' sae but short syne she became Tammy's bride.
Let us glance at the faces familiar o' yore:—
Mrs Lee's ance dark locks are noo silvery and hoar,
An' her meek forehead wrinkled, but beauty benign
Pervades ilka feature and time furrow'd line;
A fine woman Jess seems, in life's richest prime,
Ilk charm but developed an' ripen'd by time;
An' the squire looks fu' handsome, an' portly, an'
 bland,
No a siller hair markin' a touch o' Time's hand;
An' wee hopefu' Maggie's a braw leddie noo,
Wi' a world o' saft feelin', like light on her broo,
A glad, gentle creature, weel polish'd in mind,
'To puir, as to rich, ever courteous an' kind;
An', sirs, what a change has time made on our Tam?
Like his mither's, his face is still mild as a lamb,
But manhood has now superseded glad youth,
An' its stamp on ilk feature is sparklin' wi' truth;
The wife o' his bosom fit helpmeet would seem,
For her een gie's a warm an' soul-answerin' beam
To his glance, an' the bright ones she meets on ilk
 side,
Which regard her fair face wi' affectionate pride.

A happy an' cheerfu' assembly are they,
Yet at times they grow thoughtfu' an' almaist look wae,
For as dashes the hail, an' strong boughs writhe an'
crack,

The nicht o' their misery comes vividly back,
An' aye as the tempest's loud shriek rushes past,
A shudderin' gaze to the window is cast ;
Then hopin' that none were exposed to that snaw,
Their seats nigh the glowin' hearth thankfu' they draw,
An' recounted their poortith in seasons lang gane,
An' the wearisome tramp to Miss Clara then ta'en.
"Ah ! Tammy," said Jess, her dark een brimmin' o'er,
"How little we kenn'd o' the blessings in store ?
Or that you would yet own and dwell in the ha'
Frae whase doors we turn'd shiv'rin' and weepin'
awa?"

Tam's bonnie wee wifie's face crimson'd became,
An' she 'maist poured invectives on proud Clara's name :
"I'll no ca' her strumpet or tyrant," said she,
"But I hope sic a heartless ane never to see."
"My children," exclaimed Mrs Lee wi' a sigh,
"That nicht was allotted to purge an' to try ;
To gie us experience in hunger an' grief,
That our means might be used to yield others relief ;
An' as to the leddie, I grieve to hear tell,
Sin' the death o' her mither, she suffers hersel'.
Sae whisper'd the agent when roupin' the ha',
Wi' its furnishin's, braid lands, an' chattels an' a' ;
An' hoo my heart loup'd when Tam owner became !
No wi' pride that his ain's this magnificent hame,

But that it micht oft to his memory restore
The mis'ry in which he ance stood at its door."

"An' were I," said Tam, "to see hundreds o' years,
No ane I'll let leave its gates sad or in tears."

"That nicht," said the squire, "came wi' blessin's to
me—

It brought to my ravish'd een sweet Jessie Lee,
An' aye since our weddin' we set it apart
For gi'en o' alms, an' rejoicin' in heart."

"Please leddies an' sirs," said a page steppin' ben,
"Wi' your leave I hae entered, to let you a' ken
That a wee sin' a puir shiv'rin' wife sought the ha'
Wi' a bairn, baith as frozen an' white as the snaw ;
Her teeth chattered sae no a word could she speak,
But aye the big tears trickled down her cauld
cheek ;

Sae powerless her fingers, my hands took awa'
Frae their shouthers the garments a' laden wi' snaw,
To the waiting-room fire ; then the tremblers I led,
An' hastened below for hot coffee an' bread,
With which I returned to the chamber fu' soon,
When I found the puir wifie had sunk in a swoon,
Whilst the cries o' the lassie ane's bluid micht hae
chill'd,

An' soon wi' domestics the chamber was filled,
Wha restoratives tried wi' success in the end,
An' noo the puir weak anes wi' kindness they tend."

"We maun tend them oursel's," said the squire's leddy
bright ;

"Come, Tam, we best ken o' being out sic a night."

An' the kin'-hearted pair hastened down to the ha',
Wi' the squire, Tam's wee leddy, an' Maggie an' a.
Saftly enterin' the chamber, they silently stood ;
The stranger's dull garb spoke of lone widowhood,
An' the look of compassion in Jessie's dark eyes
Was quickly succeeded by that of surprise ;
In the pale sickly face of the stranger they met
A visage that time couldna mak' them forget.
A glance o' astonishment passed frae ilk een,
Then the servants were kindly dismissed frae the scene.
" 'Tis really hersel'," to the squire whispered Jess,
" Lady Clara, reduced to this piteous distress,
An' the bonnie wee miss, Maggie, tak' her upstairs,
Whilst I o' the puir sufferin' leddy tak' care."
Then she let the bowed head on her saft arm recline,
An' held to the pale lips the juice o' the vine,
Which soon to the cauld frame imparted a glow,
Whilst the tear-bedimmed eyes opened languid an'
slow.

A pale glow suffused for a moment her cheek,
As her thanks an' surprise she endeavour'd to speak ;
Perchance, too, she felt a wee tingin' o' shame
When she saw wha noo owned her ance prided-in
hame,

An' was ready to sink 'neath the grun' at their feet,
As she thocht for *her* measure sic luv was na meet ;
But the kin' anes around her soon garred her feel ease,
Using every affectionate effort to please.
As a guest they addressed her, expressin' delight
That her visit should be on that holiday night.

The leddy still weak, but recovered an' cheered,
Mid her friends in the drawing-room shortly appear'd.
From Mrs Lees' wardrobe her person arrayed,
Whilst her countenance meekness and pleasure displayed ;

Her wee lassie, tae, wi' braw robes was supplied,
An' wi' childish delight her warm silken dress eyed,
Joined the bairns in their sports, but would aye noo
an' then,

To peep at mamma, to the gran' room run ben.
No questions were asked ; but the leddy hersel'
Proposed to the kind anes her sorrows to tell :—
“ My husband,” she said, “ was addicted to sports,
Turf an' gamin' saloons were his constant resorts ;
To be brief,—it so happ'd, in a fortuneless hour,
Ill luck on his doomed head fell shower after shower,
When, driven to phrenzy, means, reason, a' fled,
Wi' a desperate courage his ain bluid he shed.
Lane, friendless, an' destitute then was my state,
Wi' a heart rent wi' anguish I bowed to my fate ;
Forsaken by a' wha ance friendship avowed,
How subdued grew my spirit sae haughty an' proud !
For my innocent babe how I wept an' I focht,
Wi' hardships on which I had ance little thought,
Till Heaven at length did my bosom inspire
To see my old home with a yearnin' desire.
I canna account for the purpose sae strong,
Which, despite o' my trembling limbs, bore me along,
Wi' my wee tender lammie maist dead wi' the cauld—
Noo I see mercy drove us pair sheep to the fauld.”

“An’ a fauld an’ a hame you shall still hae wi’ me,
Puir child o’ affliction,” exclaimed Mrs Lee.

“Oh! bless that affliction,” the sheltered ane cried,
“That broke up this stubborn heart’s hardness an’
pride ;

Yet, at wealth’s want o’ feelin’ I wonder not noo,
The warm sun aye beamin’, nor raindrops nor dew
O’ adversity fallin’ to saften the earth,
Or ca’ o’ compassion ae leaf into birth :

Oh! bless that affliction, again and again,”
She added, the saut tears fast drappin’ like rain.
To the far altered Clara ilk heart fondly drew,
Affliction’s hot furnace refined she’d come through.

A’ noo loved the ledgy in widow weeds clad,
Wi’ broo ever placid, an’ smile soft an’ sad,
Wha would pause in her walk ilka puir ane to greet,
An’ kindness impart wi’ humility sweet.

Wi’ her bairn she was welcomed to Mrs Lee’s hearth,
To be to that kind ane a dochter henceforth ;

An’ thankfu’ she turned frae the wild stormy past,
An’ in shade o’ life’s vale gained true quiet at last,
Enjoy’d virtue, won peace ne’er experienced o’ yore
When wi’ pride an’ ambition her hard heart ran o’er.

An’ aye when she heard o’ adversity’s cloud
Gath’rin’ threat’nin’ an’ dark o’er the wealthy an’ proud,
“’Tis mercy’s cool shower,” she would fervently sigh,
“The heart’s soil was aiblins too sun-parch’d an’ dry
To foster the germs ’neath the baked surface bound,
Which may sweetly spring up from the grief-moistened
ground ;

For as well may we look for the fresh bloomin' flower
When the heavens withhold both the dew and the
shower,

And pour on the panting earth Sol's fiercest rays,
As seek for heart buds where prosperity's blaze,
Perpetu'ly shining, permits no cool breath,
No raindrops to snatch the embryo from death.

In our Tale we've seen much o' life's ups an' life's
downs,

The changes o' *Fortune*, her smiles an' her frowns,
An' learn that true virtue can triumph o'er a',
As the Lees stood, pure diamonds, sans taint-spot or
flaw.

In the changed Lady Clara we also behold
How adversity's fire melts the dross from the gold,
Rends the stubborn and windowless temple o' pride,
Till its sanctified rays light the darksome inside.
What royalty's lips once so thankful confess'd,
Still issues from many a deep chastened breast :
" That I was afflicted is blessing to me,"
Oft floats 'neath the roof of our kind Mrs Lee.

THE SEASONS.

No. I. Spring: Childhood.

THE verdure of the woodland scene Spring's softest
pencil tinged,

A limpid stream with silvery surf the light green
meadows fringed,

The song of birds and breath of flowers made glad the
balmy air,

Whilst childhood's laughter, light and loud, told human
buds were there.

There on that gently sloping hill where sunbeams gild
the sward,

Here glittering white with daisy gems, and there all
primrose starred,

The bounding foot of childhood sinks, and voice of
infant glee

Commingles gladly with the song of stream, and bird,
and bee.

Hard by yon home whose snowy walls embowering
trees surround,

And hedge-rows of the flowery thorn enclose fair
garden ground,

The hamlet's happy little ones at guileless sports
 behold,
As light winds wanton with their locks of dark, and
 fair, and gold.
Near yonder leafy copse appear two wanderers from
 the rest,
Who hand in hand have scampered off, of fairest
 flowers in quest ;
The foliage waves—within the dell the tiny wanderers
 pass,
Where floral gems of many a hue peep from the fresh
 green grass.

The primrose, matron-like, appears, midst fair unfold-
 ing brood,
Up-gazing from their soft green leaves to see whose
 feet intrude ;
And smiling on the raptured pair, who gaze delighted
 round,
And clap their little hands in glee o'er each sweet
 treasure found.
The violet with its fragrant breath, and robe intensely
 blue,
Gleams brilliantly from every shade, still pearly with
 glittering dew.
But with their treasure of wild gems, an aggregated
 store,
We see them from the dell emerge in the broad beams
 once more ;

Whilst genuine bursts of infant praise to perfume and
to hue,
Gush ever as the tiny hand holds some bright flower to
view.

They pause—they leap—they run—they laugh—so
strangely wild their mirth ;

They hear the lark, and, rapture plumed, might with
him spring from earth ;

They *feel* the pulse which nature stirs, though all un-
understood,

Unworded praise their bosoms swell to nature's Great
and Good,

Home with their beauty and perfume across the meads
they skip,

A mother meets them at the door, her kiss is on each
lip ;

Brother and sister upward turn each little joylit
face,

And share without one jealous pang that mother's fond
embrace.

Oh ! infancy, how clear thy streams, how dewy fresh
thy flowers,

How thornless to each careless tread thy gladsome,
guileless bowers !

What pure affections, perfect trust, the heart's soft
tendrils move,

With ivy clasp to circle all in that bright sphere of
love !

But Time, e'en on that sinless ground, permits of no
delay,
But leads the guileless sporters there to youth's green
vale away.

No. II. Summer: Youth.

YOUNG spring time with her smiles and tears, and
trembling beams, is gone,
And summer, with rose garlands crowned, and glorious
vesture on,
Bathes in a flood of fostering light the fair and fruitful
earth,
Till deep within the forest's heart the glittering rays
make mirth.
Still on the hill's green slope is seen the cottage midst
the trees,
On either hand the ripening grain stirs lightly to the
breeze ;
The pasture ground with closer bloom is gaily dotted
o'er,
By which glides on the murmuring stream, as spark-
ling as of yore,
The saplings that the wavering breath of early spring-
time swayed,

Now, with luxuriant foliage crowned, have formed a
generous shade,
Through which the sun on youthful forms a shower of
spangles throws,
Now trembling o'er the clustering locks, now o'er the
cheek's soft rose.
Two forms conspicuous 'mongst the group for youthful
charms we hail,
The joyous seekers of wild flowers, in childhood's dewy
vale ;
The boy of then, a youth behold of fair proportions now,
The sunny light of joy and hope illumining his brow.
No hand of care hath seemed to pass its radiant sur-
face o'er,
Nor shadow save a graceful line of thought impressed
by lore ;
His eye is bright and full of fire, dark locks his head
adorn,
The beauty's his, but more mature, he wore in life's
young morn.
From manhood's threshold, where he stands, the
future meets his gaze,
One fair interminable plain, wrapped in a golden haze,
On which he longs to tread ; and e'en, with tardiness
of flight,
Reproaches time for tarrying, without that vale of light,
Where he believes love, joy, and truth, in full perfec-
tion beam—
Dream on fair youth in vision blest, it is thy time to
dream !

The girl a bashful maiden grown, her happy school
days o'er,
Displays the soft and snowy brow, and golden locks of
yore.
All love, all joy, she wavers 'twixt the woman and the
girl,
Whilst blushes radiant as her hopes flit o'er her cheek
of pearl.
To-morrow and the orange bloom shall wreath her
graceful head,
To-morrow sees her as a bride before the altar led.
What pure affections has she given to him, her partner,
guide,
How confidently shall she tread life's journey by his side!
She gazes on the future too, and, through the brilliant
haze,
Sees but a path of thornless flowers, and long, long
golden days.
Amidst a gay and youthful band, now see our friends
of yore
Leave the broad shadow of green boughs, and gain
the cottage door,
Whence issue sounds of happiness in silvery laughter
light,
Oh guileless inexperienced youth thy season's glad and
bright;
But he of hourglass, and of scythe, and never-resting
wing,
Leads on from youth, and summer bowers, quick as
from childhood's spring.

No. III. Autumn.

No more is summer's pompous robes before our vision
spread,
Her warm and fragrant breath is gone, her beauteous
garlands dead,
The luxury of living green she wove the landscape o'er
Has vanished, and the sear leaves fall each blighting
breeze before,
And o'er the yellow tinted bower a strange lone light
is cast,
Whilst sighs, as if from Nature's heart, fill every
mournful blast.
The cot which gimmered through the trees, when
summer clothed each bough,
Is plainly on the hill defined, through scanty foliage
now ;
The grain which waved to summer winds is garnered
in the store,
The pasture grounds, now bleak and chill, no lambkins
frolic o'er ;
The stream, that to its margin flowers sang murmurs
soft and low,
Now dark and sullen, rushes on with hoarse impetuous
flow ;
Pursued by Autumn's moaning gale, the rustling ver-
dure see
Fly o'er the ground, or clustering cling to sheltering
stone or tree.

O'er all the lately teeming earth a change marks every scene—

The withering vestures of decay tell where each bloom hath been ;

Yet Autumn saw its golden hours, its hours of grateful mirth,

When, fair amid her fading charms, appeared the bounteous Earth,

As traces of decay implied bloom's desolation nigh,

And she the cornucopia full bestowed with smile and sigh.

The fir boughs on the cottage hearth send high a cheerful blaze,

Whilst round the walls each burnished thing is bright with flickering rays ;

The door is closed, the window screened, the room with comfort fraught,

'Tis twilight's stilly dark'ning hour, so dear to wandering thought ;

And where the cheerful hearthlight falls in warm and shadowy play,

It gleams upon the brow of one whose thoughts seem far away.

Oh ! dancing flame, a steadier ray upon those features pour—

Can this be she whose blooming charms so raptured us of yore ?

She too is changed : the golden locks are dimmed, whilst many a thread

Of silver gleams amid the once bright honours of her head ;

The contour of her cheek is gone, subdued her glance's
light,
And furrows mark the thoughtful brow so sunny once
and white;
There's that in her mild altered face which more than
time betrays,
She hath not reached unscathed by care the Autumn
of her days.
She had her cherished household gods set up at which
to bow
Within the temple of her heart—each niche is empty
now;
Her heart's desire, her eye's delight, were severed from
her side,
And long "deep calling unto deep" was all that filled
the void.
But oft the chasm hewn by grief affords a healing spring,
In which to cool the fevered brow upon life's journeying;
Her lip hath quaffed the wholesome cup, her bosom
owned its balm,
And now upon dark trials past her eye falls, sad, but
calm.
She marks how brief the trodden span from Autumn's
withering bowers,
Back through the summer's sunny path, to spring-
time's dewy flowers;
"Can this be life's decline," she cries, "nigh closed my
Autumn days?
Oh! still there's verdure on the waste, and joy'
attempered rays."

The door's unclosed, young forms appear, with health
and beauty fraught,
And with glad voices interrupt the wandering stream
of thought ;
Not all bereft, she feels life's tale cannot be yet half
told—
Oh ! could she linger here—but Time his pinions may
not fold.

No. IV. Winter : Old Age.

The fast-descending snow-flakes whirl amid the dark-
ening air,
Swept by the keen and gusty winds o'er scenes of ver-
dure bare ;
Far as the wandering eye can pierce the drifting mazes
through,
One desert-like unbroken waste spreads white before
the view.
The cottage now is scarce defined, amidst its back-
ground snow,
Save by the trees which to the gale writhe wildly to
and fro.
Mute lies the stream—the hand of frost hath bound
each bubbling spring,
And to each spray that kissed its surf, the glistening
ice-spears cling.

Slow wending o'er the snow-spread path, and tottering
to the storm,

Oft pausing o'er his staff to breathe, behold an age-
bowed form.

Oh ! weary, weary falls each step, and wistfully his eyes
Seem measuring the untrodden ground which yet be-
fore him lies.

Each feeble tread the space makes less, the cot more
near and near ;

The traveller lifts his palsied hand, and wipes a
trembling tear.

Within the cot the biting blast no entrance can obtain,
And as in spite it hurls the snow 'gainst door and win-
dow pane ;

But from the angry storm secure, and heedless of the
gloom,

The intercepted window light would shed throughout
the room.

The peaceful inmates of the cot both light and warmth
enjoy ;

Upon the hearth the cheerful blaze is dancing light
and high,

And happy in domestic bliss those circling round the
fire—

There prattling infancy makes smile the matron and
the sire.

Glad little ones with beaming brows, and brightly
flowing hair,

To speak their mirth in louder tone, crowd round the
elbow chair,

Where one reclines whose once keen ear is dull to
every strain,
Whose hand, which pats each little head, is marked by
many a vein ;
Whose hollow cheek and shrivelled brow, by countless
wrinkles crossed.
Display the hue the sear-leaf wears 'neath autumn's
withering frost.
She bows her palsied head, and smiles, and speaks with
faltering tongue,
Of times which seem like yesterdays when she like them
was young—
When she with one, a brother dear, her every pleasure
shared,
And what a stately youth he grew—how tall—how
raven-haired !
How vividly she sees him now, just as she viewed him when
He left his home for climes afar, and ne'er returned again.
That brother's oft-repeated name to them sounds
nothing new,
At once they'd recognise the man whose portrait oft
she drew.
Hush !—Hark !—Was that the pelting storm ?—No ;
quickly ope the door :
'Tis done—the aged traveller stands before them on
the floor ;
The snow-wreaths from his garb they brush, and from
his hoary hair,
And heap more faggots on the hearth, nigh which they
place a chair.

Here rest thy feeble limbs, old man, 'tis not for thee to
tread

The stormy earth, with such a weight of years upon
thy head ;

'Tis well that on thy weary path you saw our cot
appear—

Now warm thy trembling hands, old man, and take our
welcome cheer.

O'ercome he sinks—some tender chord is quivering in
his breast,

Upon each face his dim eyes seem enquiringly to rest ;
When in a sad desponding tone he murmurs—“strange,
all strange :

The cot alone—the dear old home—appears devoid of
change.

O ! tell me, ye who now reside where first I breathed
the air,

Are all who formed our household band named 'mongst
the things that were ?

I had a sister, loved and fair, and blythe as summer morn,
And she at least I hoped still cheered the home where
we were born.”

This aged grand-dame bends to hear—perchance her
mind recalls

Some memory of the loved and lost, once glad within
these walls.

Here converse ensues, which to them a wondrous truth
unfolds,

Each in the other's shattered form their mother's child
beholds—

Brother and sister meet at last, in warm and kind
embrace,

The big tears trickling one by one o'er each poor
altered face,

Whilst talking of their early joys, and later pleasures
gone—

The brevity of longest life, when backward gazed upon,
How meteor-like life's stage is trod, and vanity of all
Earth's passing honours, griefs, or joys, when comes
the curtain's fall.

And this is life, a fleeting shade—a gleam of early
dew—

A pathway to eternity, which mortals hurry through:
First tread we o'er a spot of spring, then bowers of
summer light,

Tread rustling leaves and winter snows, then pass from
human sight.

Then how important to secure, whilst travelling through
life's vale,

A passport to that better land, whose pleasures never
fail.

Wee Allan.

PART FIRST.

ILK ane lo'ed the bashfu' callan,
Wha sae eager seemed to learn ;
Ilk ane smiled upon Wee Allan,
Blessed an' roosed the widow's bairn.
Simmer morns wad see him wendin'
Wi' his bukes owre moor an' hill,
Nor could winter rains descendin'
Keep him frae the Village School.

How his mither's heart was lifted
Boon the weicht o' warldly care,
When they said her bairn was gifted
Wi' endowments rich an' rare !
How her een wi' pleasure glinted,
An' Wee Allan's cheek was dyed,
When the gossips plainly hinted
He wad yet be a' their pride !

Seasons came an' went like shadows—
Allan, tall an' strappin' stood,
Rangin' by himsel' the meadows,
An' the silent, lanely wood ;
Scribblin' aye the glowin' sonnet,
And in Nature's wilds apart
Liftin' noo an' then his bonnet,
In the homage o' his heart.

For to him were mountains hoary,
 Towerin' trees, an' dashin' spring,
Fu' o' majesty an' glory
 O' earth's everlastin' King.
Sweet it was to see him wander
 When he thocht nae saul was nigh,
An' his een flashed bright an' tender
 Wi' enthusiastic joy.

Bonnie was his een's saft glancin',
 Bright their dreamy hazel hue,
Sunny were the licht curls dancin'
 O'er his smooth an' thochtfu' broo;
Warm his smile, yet unco blate aye,
 When he cracked wi' freen's o' yore,
Wha' his talents roosed an' spae'd aye,
 As the gossips spae'd afore.

Aye they said the wee bit clachan
 Was nae place for Allan's fame—
Silly coofs nicht fa' a lauchin'—
 But he maun awa frae hame :
Far awa' to Lunnon city,
 Whar his genius wad expand,
Whar to talented an' witty
 Patrons aye held out their hand.

For a wee did Allan swither,
 Fain to gang an' try his fate—
Sweert to sever frae his mither,—
 But at last he's ta'en the gate ;

Packit up his brawest duddies,
Wi' certificates a score,
Written by weel-wishin' bodies,
O' his genius an' his lore.

Pass we by the dolefu' mornin'
When his mither's blessin' fell
On his head, wi' tear draps burnin',
As he knelt for her farewell.
Pass we o'er his journey weary,
Hopes aye fadin' to a gleam,
'Mid the city's hum, uncheerie,
Allan wakes as frae a dream.

Pass we o'er lang weeks o' gangin'
Lanely through ilk thoroughfare,
Jostled by the folks aye thrangin'—
Claes an' shoon the waur o' wear;
Sick o' searchin' an' confusion,
Meeting no ae patron's face,
Coming' to the dread conclusion
That 'twas a' a wild-goose chase.

Allan, wi' his bosom swellin'
Hiech wi' longin's and despair,
Thocht upon his mither's dwellin',
An' the peacefu' comforts there:
Halfins curst his ain ambition,
Muse, an' a' the bletherin' pack,
Wha he blamed for his condition,
Far frae hame, wi' scarce a plack.

Whiles he tint a' expectation,
Faced his weary, hameward way,
Then his mither's mute vexation
Garr'd him try anither day;
No for freen's o' rhyme to aid him—
A' sic thochts had flown his head,
But for place, whar wages paid him
Might procure him daily bread.

PART SECOND.

At a ha' whar doors aye bangin',
Business, wealth, and bustle mark,
Crowds o' candidates are thrangin',
Fain to be the "wanted clerk."
'Neath a porch's shadow bidin',
Frae the lave, wi' downcast een,
Allan shrinks, his shabb'd claes hidin',
Thankfu' for the darksome screen.

Faint o' heart to mak' the trial,
Mair inclined to slip awa',
Feelin' sure o' a denial
'Mangst sic chiels, sae trig an' braw.
Thus he lingered in a swither,
Till he saw them ane by ane
Enter ae door, by anither
Gain the street, till a' were gane.

“Noo,” quo he, “nae mair thochts on it,
Allan, ye maun venture ben ;
Syne he stauns an’ doffs his bonnet
’Fore the heroes o’ the pen.
To an inner door directed,
Allan moves wi’ sullen pride,
For his een hath sneers detected—
Titters sound on ilka side.

But the mockers quickly tint him,
For the baze-begirded door,
Slappin’ noiselessly ahint him,
Closed him in their head before.
’Maist dumfounder’d, Allan scanned him,
Frae his tongue nae words wad fa’.
Till the pleasant “Well, Sir,” manned him,
When he simply told him a’.

Tall the stranger was, and portly,
Features dignified, yet bland,
Manners affable, yet courtly,
Like ane used aye to command.
A’ his letters, for perusal,
Allan frae his baggie drew,
But the grand ane’s soft refusal
Came in, “Sorry these won’t do.”

Wi’ a sigh he couldna stifle,
Allan back his papers took :
Changes aft hang on a trifle—
Frae his bag keeked out a book,

Quick it caught the maister's glances,
 " What's that book ?" he speered fu' keen,
For, though soft, as sharp as lances,
 On ilk object fell his een.

" 'Tis a gift my mither gied me—
 'Tis a Bible," Allan said,
" Which to read ilk morn she bade me,
 An' ilk nicht I gaed to bed."
" 'Twas a pious, wise direction,
 Have you followed it, my lad ?"
Allan's een brimmed wi' affection's
 Tear draps, as he said he had.

" Good's that guarantee—I trust it ;
 Boy, the clerkship's thine to-night,
For where conduct is adjusted
 By that standard, all is right.
Where the heart a mother's holy
 Admonitions can revere,
Where that sacred book is solely
 Made the guide o' life's career,

" Nought but good may be expected,
 Confidence and trust increase,
And you'll joy to have selected
 Wisdom's flow'ry paths of peace."
Allan thocht his senses leavin',
 Turned as white as ony sheet,—
'Tae his mouth his tongue was cleavin',
 Felt he could do nought but greet.

For sae sudden the transition
Tae success frae dire despair,
Sic a change in his position
Seemed ower much for him to bear.
On that night as back he gazes,
Tho' lang years hae roiled between,
Still through memory's mists and mazes
That ae spot glints fresh an' green.

Thankfu'ness ayont revealin'
Filled his waukrife heart that night ;
His was ilka gratefu' feelin',
A' its length, and breadth, and height.
To the village great sensation
Wi' the news frae Allan came ;
Truth be told, some felt vexation—
Wha' e'er found unenvied fame ?

Some—the rustics wha advised him—
Cracked o' nocht but Allan's praise,
Thocht 'twas they first patronised him,
Gar'd him venture for the bays.
Objects noo than bays mair real
Allan roused him to pursue,
Nane the waur for the ordeal
Sage experience dragged him through.

Aft times at his folly lauchin',
Tho' his wit was dearly boucht,
When the lion o' the clachin'
Found in Lon'on he was noucht.

Yet the muse was no discarded ;
Many an hour frae midnight ta'en
Tell't how he the nymph regarded,
Deeply worshipped at her fane.

Fu' o' micht as waters rushin'
O'er the linn, noo soared his lay,
Now dew fresh as roses blushin'
To the early glance o' day.
E'en the lurkers on Fame's highways,
Cut-throat bandits, as they're ca'd,
Scourin' e'en the lanes an' byeways
For the hapless rhymin' squad,

Fierce, on Allan kept frae springin',
Spellbound by his magic reed,
Whisp'rin aye as he was singin',
"His is melody indeed."
Sweet, as when a traveller parchin',
Faint wi' druth an' weary toil,
'Boon his head the het sun scorchin',
'Neath his feet the burnin' soil,

Sees a bonnie grove afore him,
Hears far ben a burnie sing,
Feels the breath o' flowers sweep o'er him,
As he seeks the limpid spring.
Finds sweet soul-revivin' pleasure
In the breeze, the sward, the shade ;
Sae by Allan's ilka measure
Balm was to the heart conveyed.

Spite o' envy's mutter'd "Puppy,
Down he'll tumble wi' a clash,"
Allan climb'd the ladder up, aye
Up to honours, fame, an' cash.

Effie Ha'.

THE farmer gied his merry kirk, wi' a' a farmer's pride,
An' youngsters gathered to the barn frae a' the kintra
side,

A wheen o' gallant chieles were there, wi' faces sun
embrowned,

An' hearts as noble and as gay as e'er 'mangst gran'
anes found;

The lasses, busked in their best, were bonnie, blythe,
and braw,

But fairest was the farmer's bairn, the winsome Effie Ha'.

Her hair by nature's haun was waved like ripples o' a
stream,

An' glitter'd like the liquid surf beneath Sol's gouden
beam;

Through fringes dark her laughing e'en shone with
attemper'd ray,

But wooers said a wicked spark ben in their azure lay:
For though she was aye kind an' free, whene'er o' luv
they spoke,

The wily teaser laughen aye took a' as't were a joke.

Noo' many a secret hope rose high as Effie joined the
dance,

An' wi' her captivatin' smile met every wistfu' glance.
The lassies cast a jealous e'e upon the winsome queen,
Aye as they caught her floating form an' tresses
gouden sheen.

But quite unconscious o' it a' noo' free she ca's the crack.
Wi' a puir wand'rin' fiddler chiel, wha ca'd to win a
plack.

Some siller in his loof she placed, an' wished him
muckle mair,

Then wi' a partner rose again to lichtly trip the flair.
The fiddler carle embaulden'd seemed by Effie's hamely
ways,

For soon his fiddle silent lay enveloped in its baze,
An' steppin' to braw Tibbie Grey, he saught her out
to dance,

But, sirs, the warld o' stern disdain she threw him in
her glance.

He turned awa' wi' courage left to try anither fair ;
A titter at his impudence was a' his answer there.
But no a partner could he get, though mony mair he
tried,

When Effie, wi' a glowin' cheek, wi' anger at their pride,
Stepp'd up an' said, whilst on her face his gratefu'
glances fell,

"Gin ye tak' me for your partner, lad, I'll dance wi'
you mysel'."

An' gracefully he took her haun, mid a' the whisper'd
jeers

O' Effie's humble-mindedness, that ever reached their
ears.

An' weel the fiddlin' carle seemed skilled in step, an'
turn, an' haze,

He tripp'd the flair as tho' t' had been his business a'
his days;

An' gracefu', when the dance was o'er, he led the lass
awa',

An' bade guid nicht, wi' gratefu' thanks, to bonnie
Effie Ha'.

But Effie, ere she let him gang, would cram his
pouches fu'

O' joints o' fowl an' dauds o' beef—I trow he had
enow.

“Na dinna be oure blate,” quo she, “your journey
may be lang,

A morsel's needfu' on the way, gin ye hae far to
gang.

Guid nicht, an' when ye pass again be sure an' gie a
ca',

You're welcome to a rest an' bit,—just speer for Effie
Ha'.”

Next day a carriage drove in straight direction for the
farm,

Quo' Effie, “Faither! faither! look, losh keep us a'
frae harm,

The glitterin' o' it in the sun is dazzlin' so my e'e,
I canna get a richt clear blink, on airth wha can
it be?

Big folks,—a gentleman has noo alighted at the door;
Good gracious, I ha'e surely seen that smilin' face
afore."

An' Effie wi' a burnin' cheek, for why she scarce could
ken,

Beheld her wonderin' faither lead the gran' young
stranger ben.

When in a wee the farmer ca'd his dochter to his
side,

His honest visage beamin' a' bewilderment an' pride:

"Oh! Effie, woman, this beats a'; ye ken the fiddler
wicht,

Ye danced wi' in the barn yestreen, turns out a noble
knight.

"An' noo he's come to seek your haun, gin your con-
sent ye'll gie,

An' mak ye leddy o' yon ha' wha's lofty towers we see,
He begs you'll come at once an' speak; and dinna say
him nay:"

But aye she cried, "I couldna face that man,—oh, sirs
the day,—

Wha ever heard o' sic a thing for me to gang an
cram

The pouches o' a gran' young knight wi' dauds o' beef
an' ham."

But Effie's scruples were o'ercome, the gallant pleaded
well,
An' many an envious throb awoke when pealed the
marriage bell.
Wi' keen remorse puir Tibbie Grey was like to tak'
her bed,
"To think," she said, "but for her pride hersel' might
hae been wed;
She was the very first on whom his fancy seemed to
licht,
O, if she only could ha'e kenn'd the fiddler was a
knight."

That vanity is profitless, mair than her bosom owns,
An affability sets aff e'en those wha sit on thrones;
That lassies may complaisant be, nor e'er put on a
frown,
Nor yet from female dignity be thocht descendin' down.
Civility is each one's right, besides 'tis breeding's law,
An' mair, it is a witchin' charm, sae proved by Effie Ha'.

The Seaside Village.

THIS bit waterin' place, sae deserted like noo,
Used to be, simmer seasons, o' visitors fu',
Till those wha let rooms grew as fu' o' conceit
O'er the gran' anes they lodged, as an egg's fu' o' meat.

Wi' ilk ither they vied in apartments sae braw,
Venetian-screen'd windows, an' carpeted ha';
Oh! sic smart rat-tat-tats as would sound frae ilk
door,

An' sic rustlin' o' silks to the breeze on the shore.
Ae season's commencement, as days came in warm,
An' ilk brocht arrivals frae fashion's gay swarm.
A stranger, wi' broo brunt as yellow as gowd,
Wi' boots awfu' stoury, made way through the crowd.
He carried a staff an' sma' bundle in han',
An' wi' little concern like rubbed claes wi' the gran';
He made a fu' stop as a house met his view,
Where "Apartments to let" shone the window glass
through.

Then he rang the door bell, wi' a confident cheek,
An' a message sent ben for the lady to speak.
A rustle o' silks—'twas the mistress hersel'—
But at sight o' the bundle her countenance fell:
An' "What was ye wantin'?" in sharp tones she cried;
"To take your apartments," the stranger replied.
"Na, na! No my rooms; ye'll hae farther to gang:"
An' the door amaist dunted his heels wi' its bang.
"What is the warld turned to, oh, dear me! oh, dear!
A man wi' a bundle to seek lodgings here!"
Caught his ear as the half-open window he passed,
But the confident chiel no a bit seemed downcast,
For the next, an' the next, an' the next door he tried,
Though still unsuccesfu' where'er he applied.
At length, when he'd search'd the proud village a' o'er,
Ane civilly pointed across to a door,

Sayin', "Respectable lodgin's they ance keepit there,
But I doot they'll no noo, for they're turned unco puir."
"I'm right humble mysel'," was the stranger's reply,
"They'll aiblins admit me—at least I maun try."
He surveyed the abode, sae obscure, yet sae clean,
Wi' its mignonette boxes an' white window screen :
Wae is me for the poortith that struggles to hide
'Yond the decent bit curtain, scarce e'er drawn aside,
A' its misery an' trials, privations an' want,
The garment threadbare, an' the furniture scant :
That shrinks frae the proud warld it fan wud beguile,
Wi' belief that dame Fortune still gies it a smile.
Wi' his staff an' his bundle the stranger stepped o'er,
An' murm'rin "This ends it!" knocked soft at the door,
Which was oped by a wifie, wha's dress worn an' thin,
An' care-worn face, spake no o' plenty within.
Wha wi' voice saft an' sad as a breeze-waken'd lyre,
In accents respectfu' said, "Sir, your desire?"
"I am come to lodge with you, nay, shake not your
head,
That I enter just now, let the word, pray, be said :
For, in truth, what with walking and knocking since
morn,
Nor gaining admission, I'm weary and worn."
Wi' a little persuasion, the widow complied,
Wi' an effort o'ercoming her scruples o' pride ;
But a deep blush o' shame her wan features suffused
As she led to the chamber by him to be used,
For necessity's fingers had 'maist wed awa'
The plenishin' there, ance sae tidy and braw.

But the stranger, wi' delicate tact, set a' right,
An' the widow's embarrassment soon put to flight,
Then, wi' relish fu' keen an' wi' manners fu' free,
Sat him down wi' the widow an' dochter to tea ;
An' aye, as on Maggie would rest his dark een,
They plainly pronounced her a braw, bonnie queen.
Puir Maggie was bonnie—surpassin'ly fair,
Wi' een o' dark azure, an' rich gowden hair,
Though poortith had garr'd her cheek's bright roses
fade,

An' had gi'en to her een a soft languishin' shade ;
An' her fair form array'd in the humblest apparel,
It couldna dispoil o' its glory ilk curl
Wi' which her young head was luxuriantly crown'd—
A glad halo glowin' her sad face around ;
An' Maggie was blate to an unco degree,
For ne'er a companion but mither had she.
No visitor ca'd on the dolefu' an' lane—
The rich have friends many, but poortith has nane ;—
Sae the beauty an' bashfu'ness meetin' his view,
To the weel-travell'd stranger was pleasant as new.
Next morn saw him strollin', as trig as the lave,
Inhalin' the caller breeze sweepin' the wave,
An', ettlin' some village acquaintance to mak',
Gi'en a word to ilk passer, but gettin' nane back :
Then wi' broo on which gathered a thunder-like cloud,
A' alane on the thick-peopled seaside he stood,
When his een caught a glimpse o' a sun-shelter'd
seat,
Where smilin'-faced leddies enjoyed the retreat.

At once to step to them he made up his mind,
But when *his* seat was ta'en theirs was quickly
resign'd,

An' words again reached him which made him aware
He couldna impose on the guid people there.

"He's the fellow we saw yestermorn walk the town,
Wi' his staff an' his bundle, 'maist a' the forenoon;
The village a' kens he's some bankrupt or swell,
For nae gentleman e'er hawked a bundle himsel'."

The stranger's brown cheek wi' the hot blood was
dyed,

While his lips wore a curve o' vexation or pride
As he rose to depart, but next moment was seen
A twinkle o' mischief far ben in his een.

"Weel, I'll hie to the widow's an' pass awa' time,
Fell poverty's theirs, an' the bundle's my crime."

Quo' he, as he turned the hame path to pursue,
When he paused in the street with a "Wheugh!
what's to do?"

For a group, through which gladness would seem to
abound,

Had gathered the Post-Office window around,
Where close 'gainst the pane which attracted a' een
A letter wi' dashin' address micht be seen,
To the village directed, an honour most rare,
For Lord H. Augustus —— (the Duke's son and
heir),

Wha 'twas said was new hame to the noble Duke's
seat

Frae the seas whare he held the command o' a fleet.

We may ha'e a look-out for his comin' ilk hour,
An' receive him wi' a' the respec' in our power,
I can fancy e'en noo his braw carriage in sight,
Quo' the innkeeper a' in a fuss wi' delight ;
We maun e'en, said the postmaster, deck off the ha',
An' welcome my lord wi' a most splendid ba' ;
Ha'e a' things respectable, stan' nae at the cost,
We can soon clear it a', noo nae time to be lost ;
This honour, my friends, is o' greatest import,
'Twill mak' our gay village a' fashions resort.
"I maun gang," said a wifie, in braw satin gown,
"An' mak' known to my leddies wha's comin' to town ;
What beautiful bustle we'll be in a' week,
For arrival will follow arrival gae quick !"
A' this time the mother wi' wide open een,
An' an ear to ilk speaker, stood viewin' the scene ;
But nearer and nearer he drew to the door,
When he saw ilk gossip the letter turn o'er,
Keek in at the fauldin's, an' try, though in vain,
Some licht frae its hidden contents to obtain.
When the cronies had scann'd it a' round ane by ane,
"Now please," said he, "hand it to me if you're done,
When your curiosity's pleased, pray resign
This wonder to me till I gratify mine."
The postmaster, gaspin' wi' horror an' shame,
Scarce could falter "Is Lord H. Augustus —— your
name ?"
"Just so," said the stranger, an', letter in han',
Passed out through the crowd, a' struck dumb to
a man.

Next morn a dejected an' crestfallen pair
Presented themsel's at the puir widow's door,
Whilst ane they'd selected as spokesman an' head
Went ben wi' petition excuses to plead.
But when he cam' out a' hope vanished, alas !
For the knight o' the ruefu' face weel nicht he pass ;
His lordship ne'er deigned to cast een on the scroll,
But dismiss'd him wi' anger he did na control.
"Ye sycophants, fawning and heartless," he cried,
"Ambitious and vain, as of principle void,
Next hour from your village shall see me depart,
And, I'm sorry to add, with disgust at my heart.
Go study the book you profess to peruse,
Learn from writings inspired how the stranger to use,
Keep the great golden precept in practice and view,
And so deal with all men as you'd have them with
you ;
This is etiquette's essence, 'tis piety's life,
'Tis with honour, humanity, courtesy rife.
Now go, and henceforth you can well understand
That a *gentleman can* take a parcel in hand,
Nor compromise true dignity aught at the time,
So beware how you couple such actions with crime."
The group an' their delegate moved frae the door,
When dashed round the corner a carriage and four ;
Then, midst liv'ried lacquays, his lordship sprang in,
An' the proud little village was soon far ahin'.
Whilst their loss an' disgrace the vain villagers
mourned,
Twa hearts had their sorrow to cheerfu'ness turned ;

The widow an' daughter, in fu'ness o' joy,
Seem'd wrapt in enchantment a word nicht destroy,
Sae in wonder they gazed at ilk ither's white face,
Then clung heart to heart in a silent embrace,
Gazed again at the table, where, heaped up an' bricht,
The yellow goud glistened fu' plain on their sicht ;
But could it be real? sae dream-like was a',
Micht it no like some fairy goud vanish awa' ?
No—they ventured a touch ; 'twas substantial an' true,
An' they sank on their knees wi' hearts gratitude fu' ;
Frae that day their trials o' poortith were o'er,
An' their faces beamed bricht with the joy smile once
 more,
An' ilk year they haud it—the puir o' the place
Count wi' joy on the day o' the village disgrace.

The Souvenir.

I HAVE a little souvenir, bestowed by infant hands,
Nor one would dream the spell it holds as on the shelf
 it stands ;
It is a tiny mimic vase, so perfect and so chaste,
That fancy in some fairy hall ne'er fail to have it
 placed.
'Tis lily-shaped and lily-hued, embossed with gold and
 blue ;
So small, one rose bent o'er its brim would hide it all
 from view ;

Yet, yet 'tis memory's talisman—a world of vision lies
Within its small transparent cup, as on it rest mine
eyes :

For, towering o'er its tiny form, all bright with early
dews,

A pyramid of meadow flowers display their varied
hues ;

And long as Flora's fragrant gems the verdant turf
adorn,

A bunch of aggregated bloom shall crown it, morn by
morn.

Sweet is the task with blossoms fair my souvenir to fill,
And daily feel their spirit voice deep in my bosom
thrill ;

For, potent as a fairy's wand, the cluster, one by one,
Wakes up a hope, or memory, or duty to be done.

The language, or the names of flowers as by the
learned they're styled,

I know not—these my monitors are simple, bright, and
wild ;

No glass above or wall around their warmth or shadow
cast,

They drink the rains, and meet the sun, and wrestle
with the blast.

The whole wild sisterhood appears in single robe
arrayed,

They live in meads, climb rocks and steeps, and nestle
in the shade.

Such are the fragrant whisperers who converse, counsel,
guide,
And day by day with magic power fling memory's
portals wide.

In front, a sprig bestudded o'er with bright blue stars
appears,

"Forget me not" it seems to sigh, its soft eye fraught
with tears ;

It bloom'd upon a streamlet's verge which murmurs by
our cot,

The burden of whose passing song would seem "Forget
me not."

"Forget me not !" ah ! many a tone steals through
that gentle bloom,

The distant sigh it to my heart—it trembles from the
tomb ;

And years come back like yesterdays, with all that
with them sped—

Ah, no ! ye shall not be forgot, ye distant and ye
dead !

And here, a beauteous trio blends all hearts must love
to view,

Upon the river's sloping bank in starry groups they
grew :

The buttercup, and daisy fair, the primrose wild and
sweet,

With childhood's merry voices and young life's bright
morn replete.

Yes! their's is still the whisper of a glad and careless
time,
Of other summers' glorious bloom, and other meads in
prime ;
Oh! great and mighty is the spell, the memories deep
and strong,
Which gush from out the tiny vase, and that frail,
brilliant throng !

The violet, too, and other gems of beauty and of grace,
Compose the bouquet, fresh and bright, which now
surmounts my vase ;
But e'en, ere eventide steals on, a blight o'er all shall
pass :
Yet they in death are monitors, and teach "all flesh is
grass."
The goodness thereof as brief as that which erst we
wore—
A sunny morn, a fleeting day, and man's life span is
o'er ;
The grass dries up, the flowret fades, the brightest
sky 's o'ercast,—
Nought save the Word of God endures, or shall eternal
last.

The Smile and Frown.

TIMIDLY, a child of error
Towards virtue's pathway turned ;
Half in hope and half in terror,
Lest her presence should be spurned.

Sadly was her heart retracing
Times when, innocent and pure,
She her happy home was gracing,
Seemingly from guilt secure.

But temptations had assailed her,
And she tampered with their power ;
And the *self* she leaned on failed her
In the dark and trying hour.

Then what throes of bitter sorrow
In her guilt-stained heart had place,
As she wakened every morrow,
Tortured with despair, disgrace !

How she yearned for peace departed,
For the world's approving smile ;
Fellowship with earth's pure hearted,
Friendships unalloyed with guile !

Timidly her course was taken,
And she entered, fraught with fear,
That bright path so long forsaken—
Now a thousand times more dear.

Presently a Christian leader,
Of professions warm and high,
In the cause a giant cedar,
Stern in virtue, passed her by,

Who for children of transgression
Her most rigid frowns reserved ;
For from pathway of discretion
Right or left she never swerv'd.

So she passed, her garments clutching,
As the frown upon her brow
Plainly said, " Aloof from touching—
I am holier than thou !"

The returned, at this repulsion,
Would have instantly retired ;
In her feelings wild revulsion,
Better thoughts had nigh expired.

Quickly was her soul assuming
Tints too dark to contemplate ;
All her life's sad future dooming
To rebellion, guilt, and hate.

But, whilst demon thoughts assailed her,
Hardening all within; the while
Gentle accents kindly hailed her,
And she met an angel smile.

One whose heart possessed that feeling
Wanting which, an angel's tongue,
All the light of heaven revealing,
Is but as a cymbal rung :

Smiled—and oh the erring felt it,
Felt it kindly, bade her stay :
All the adamant was melted,
She was not quite cast away.

“ Saved,” she wept, “ from desolation,
Guilt and ruin—all that's vile :
'Tis that smile is my salvation,
Oh ! that Christians all would smile !”

The Widow of Nain.

SHE bent in anguish o'er the dead, with tears embalmed his brow,
Grief had been hers in other days, yet oh ! not such as now :
Tears had been hers, for she had seen her fondest hopes decay,
Beheld the husband of her youth borne to the tomb away.

Yet in that sorrow's dismal hour she felt not quite bereft,

The solace of her widowed heart, her orphan child, was left ;

And he had cheered her lonely life, had been her bosom's pride,

And fondly she beheld the boy up into manhood glide.

She joyous hailed her coming years, with their bliss-laden hours—

Alas ! how short is human sight ? how soon the woe-cloud lowers ?

The darling of her heart is not, her eye's delight lies low,
His raven locks no longer dance upon his manly brow.

Ah, no ! All now is motionless—the jetty curls at rest—

His young cheek paler than the shroud which wraps his pulseless breast ;

Up to his mother's face no more his clear dark eye is raised ;

She sees it 'neath the half-closed lid, but ah ! 'tis dim and glazed.

One kiss upon his marble brow, and cheek bereft of bloom,

And 'tis the last, for they await to bear him to the tomb ;

Alas ! how vain were human words a solace to impart !

None try to soothe the agony which rends her bleeding heart.

She follows weeping to the grave her loved, her early
dead,
And many a tear of sympathy by that sad group is
shed,
For there the village youths are seen with whom he
used to roam,
And mingle with the vintagers from toil returning
home.

A pause is made : a gentle voice falls on the mourner's
ear ;
Obedient to that mild command, they have laid down
the bier ;
Struck with astonishment, they bare the dead before
His eyes,
As, bending o'er the shrouded one, He says, " Young
man, arise."

A sudden glow darts through each vein, the ice of
death is loosed,
His marble cheek is with a tinge of health and life
suffused ;
With adoration in its gaze, his re-illuminated eye
Rests full upon the Saviour's face, which beams
benignity.

T i m e .

TIME ! what art thou ? what thy doings,
As thou wing'st thy ceaseless way,
Pausing ne'er in thy pursuings
Onward to Eternity ?

Child of earth, with me I carry
Riches to the sons of men,
But I never, never tarry,
Nor retrace my steps again.

Those who'd prophet by must face me,
For my treasure lies before ;
Once I pass, 'tis vain to chase me—
Time departed's seen no more.

Woe to those who let me fly them
As a thing of little worth :
Who can bring when death comes nigh them
Not my diamond moments forth ?

Then delay not, but be doing,
Catch the moments as they glide,
None can seize them by pursuing—
Man retards not time nor tide.

Let not one be lost, but treasure
Up, improve them, and be wise ;
Here they'll yield thee wealth and treasure,
Be thy passport to the skies.

Shrink not from Death.

SHRINK not, poor dying one, from Death's cold hand,
In friendship stretched to lead thee from the strife
Of tossing billows, from the shoals and sand,
And all the perils of the sea of life.

Though wrapt in deep, impenetrable gloom,
The path which leads thee, trembler, from thy woes,
Fear not; it is the Cross which o'er the tomb
Its saving shadow in the stillness throws.

What! hast thou strayed from virtue's pathway wide,
Poor child of error! and did man condemn,
And from the contrite sinner turn with pride?
Look up: thou hast no more to do with them.

More merciful's thy Judge; have faith, nor fear
To take the final leave of time, and pain;
Repentance stained thine eye with many a tear,
And who would dare to say they flowed in vain?

Fear not the tomb, that sanctuary sure
From all life's weariness, and snares, and woes;
On thine earth pillow thou shalt rest secure,
Thine eyes all tearless in their sealed repose.

Unfelt by thee, the summer suns may glance,
Or tempests howl, throughout the long dark night;
No foe shall rouse thee from thy dreamless trance,
Nor waken throbs of anguish or affright.

The Emigrant Child to his Parent.

FATHER, come home! come, the deep sea retracing,
We'll seek our cottage in our own green vale,
Where scarlet pea and moss-rose bough embracing,
Creep o'er its walls and scent the balmy gale ;
My young companions, with their happy faces,
Are bounding o'er the grassy meads at play ;
They seek me in our cunning hiding-places,
Where spreading foliage intercept each ray.

I hear their glee, I see their glad brows glancing
In the warm sunbeams, as they tread the sand,
Loud rings their footsteps o'er the pebbles prancing,
As on they march, a mimic warrior band.
They've cut them twigs from off the yielding bushes,
From which their kerchief banners float in air,
Green helmets wove of the marsh's rushes,
O'ershades each laughing brow—would I were there !

Would I were with them, by the sonnding river,
Along whose banks methinks they're sporting now,
Deep in the glen, where beams in sparkle quiver
Through the stirred foliage of each shaken bough.
In noisy groups I see my playmates thronging
Near giant trees, in summer pomp arrayed,
Whilst echo, their wild revelry prolonging,
With joyous voices fills each verdant shade.

Father, come home !—the radiant sun is streaming
Through the leaf-circled lattice on our floor,
While little sister, with her bright hair gleaming
In golden glory, 's playing at the door ;
I see the rose leaves light upon her tresses,
Borne by the breeze from off our cottage wall,
As she, all happiness, bestows caresses,
Talks to, and lullabies her waxen doll.

And, Oh ! I hear my gentle mother singing
The happy lays she used so sweet to sing,
Whilst the deep notes are through the chambers ring-
ing
Of my caged warbler of the yellow wing.
All in our dear old home is joy and gladness,
Then wherefore should we linger longer here ?
Alas ! you shake your head again in sadness ;
Again there glistens in your eye a tear.

Ah ! then, 'tis certain 'twas no midnight dreaming,
No vision which in slumber rose to view,
Those doleful coffins and pale faces gleaming,
White shrouds and silence were, alas ! too true.
My mother and the little ones are sleeping
Far, far away, beneath the lonely sod,
But we shall meet them where there is no weeping,
Nor grief, nor darkness, in the land of God.

Doleful Breezes.

DOLEFUL breezes, fain would I
Catch those voices flitting by,
Wailings fading to a sigh.

Bear ye on your wandering wings,
Weary hearts, sad utterings?
Fraught ye seem with mournful things.

With each gust that sweeps the wood,
Sounds like anguish sobs subdued,
On the lips of widowhood.

In wild snatches float around,
With the sere leaf's rustling sound,
Wherefore do these tones abound?

On this bough, where leaves but one
To the withering spray clings on,
Like the heart to hopes nigh gone,

Hangs my lyre, with cypress twined,—
To your touch, oh! wavering wind,
Is each trembling chord resigned.

They shall vibrate to your sighs,
As they mournful fall and rise,
And in song breathe your replies.

Now the wind-woke numbers flow,
Fading plaintively and slow,
Into sounds like woe, oh ! oh !

Louder strains the chords assume,
Sad as voices round a tomb,
Floats, alas ! for earth's bright bloom.

Yesterday it seems to me,
When the rose adorned the tree,
And the green bough waved in glee.

All around—above—below—
Wore a freshness and a glow,
Seen no longer, woe, woe, woe.

We have swept the lonely bowers,
Sighing fanned the drooping flowers,
When their bright leaves fell in showers.

Moaning o'er the wreck we pass,
Leafless bough and withered grass,
All of beauty, now—alas !

Oh ! ye winds, too sad your strain,
Moons but few shall shine and wane,
Till the earth's all joy again ;

Till green-mantled spring appears,
With her flowers, her smiles, and tears,
Lovely as in by-gone years ;

Calling into glorious birth
All that beautified the earth,
All that filled the woods with mirth.

But, where yonder cypress sways,
Lies a flower no spring can raise,
Lost for ever to our gaze.

Laid in beauty in the tomb,
Never to out-step its gloom ;
Oh ! ye winds, sigh o'er that doom.

Winds of softer, milder play,
O'er the quivering harp strings stray,
Calling forth a sweeter lay.

In a bright celestial bower
Blooms that now transplanted flower,
Ne'er to bend, 'neath blast or shower ;

In immortal beauty's pride,
By the Rose of Sharon's side,
Where no ill can e'er betide ;

Where no storm e'er shed its gloom,
Triumphing in life and bloom,
O'er decay and o'er the tomb.

The Memorial Pebbles.

ADDRESSED TO MR. JAMES MURRAY, ON VIEWING THE
GRAVE OF HIS LAMENTED WIFE IN THE
OLD CHURCH-YARD, AYR.

'Tis evening's hour ; the sunset's crimson sheen
Falls soft and richly o'er the place of graves ;
Above, heaven's canopy smiles all serene,
Whilst scarce a breeze the sacred verdure waves.
The marble tablet o'er the high-born dust,
The lowly sod that wraps more humble clay,
The upright head-stones, with their mossy crust—
All share the glory of departing day.

With footsteps slow, and solemn musing mind,
The lonely regions of the tombs I tread,
The tributes reading which the "left behind"
Rear to the memory of the loved—the dead.
Here Time hath nigh effaced the chisell'd words,
The hands which traced them, too, must long be clay ;
And here a newly-lettered slab records
The name and virtues of the passed away.

But what is this which meets my earnest sight—
What tale of orphan anguish here is told ?
"My Mother," formed of pebbles pure and white,
A mourning child has traced upon the mould.

“ My Mother ! ”—Could ten thousand words express
With deeper pathos, all the heart that bled—
What pure affection, worlds of deep distress,
Live in that tear-set tribute to the dead ?

How vividly's pourtrayed, by fancy's wand,
The youthful mourner at this task of love ;
What bitter tears fall as his trembling hand
The letters trace her pulseless breast above !

“ My Mother ! ”—offering of a bursting heart,
O'er which the dear maternal love held sway :
Who from such sweet memorial could depart,
Nor bear a gush of mournful thought away.

And who was she, around whose lowly bed
A child's devotion scatters such a spell ?
One who all loving and beloved was wed,
And bliss surrounded, bade the world farewell.
One who, in childhood, sported side by side
With a boy play-mate, through green mead and glen,
Who stood in after years the happy bride
Of her companion of that guileless then.

One who, in happy wedlock's sunny days,
By her glad presence cheered the peaceful hearth,—
In every bosom whose endearing ways
Made images of all that's pure have birth.
Love's own sweet sanctuary was her home ;
Her little ones, a band all life and joy ;
Whilst hope gave promise of long years to come,
Fraught with each earthly bliss without alloy.

Alas ! how transient all enjoyment here !

How soon a blight came o'er domestic bliss !
Yet 'twas a message from a brighter sphere
Which called her to a happier land than this.
The tender mother and the faithful wife
In meekness bowed her to the will divine :
Then in the darkest moments of her life
In full perfection did each virtue shine.

Affliction drew no murmur from her lip,
When by her couch one form was ever nigh ;
Resigned was she death's bitter cup to sip,
Content beneath *one* tender gaze to die.
In faith she entered death's dark vale obscure—
She knew 'twas from the Cross the shadows fell ;
And, in a dying Saviour's love secure,
She bade her loved and all the world farewell.

Lovely in life, and lovelier still in death,
She closed her eyes in holy, calm repose,
Leaving her virtue's essence like the breath
That sweetly trembles from the dew-fresh rose.
And oh ! what holier words could love dictate,
To mark the spot where rests her gentle head ?
Could angels view us from their blest estate,
How truly would it please the sainted dead !

The Heart's Moonshine.

THE voice of the tempest rose wild and strong,
And the heavy rain came in torrents down,
The streamlets, forgetting their gentle song,
Raged hoarsely and gave back the sky its frown ;
And the flowers, the beautiful bright-eyed flowers
That had laughed and danced in their light and
bloom

To the minstrel breeze in the sunlit bowers,
Were prostrate laid 'mid the strife and gloom.
But as night set in the heavens grew fair,
And the moon smiled down on a tranquil scene,
Yet all that lay 'neath the slumbering air
Betrayed where the feet of the storm had been ;
Yet never so sweet seemed the pale moonbeams,
Lighting so mournful the shadowy bowers,
Sleeping so calm on the lucid streams,
And each silent bed of the broken flowers.

And is it not thus in the vale of life ?

Hath the human heart not its hours of bloom,
Its seasons of joy and its times of strife !

Then its slumbering calm, and amid the gloom
A mild light breaking o'er memory's bowers,
Illuming the past with a light divine,
Softening the gloom of departed hours !

Oh ! a hallowed light is the heart's moonshine !

S t a n z a s

ON THE MARRIAGE OF MISS HELEN DOUGLAS (DAUGHTER
OF HUGH DOUGLAS, ESQ., LATE OF DEMERARA),

TO DAVID REID, ESQ., AYR.

HER soft, luxuriant, raven hair, in darker glory flows,
Beneath the chaplet of pale flowers, which mid its
splendour glows ;
And never gleamed the orange bloom above a fairer
face,
So captivatingly endowed with beauty's every grace.
The bridal robes which round her fall, in folds of
glistening light,
Out-rival not her gentle brow, in stainlessness of
white ;
And yet, the glossy midnight tress, jet fringed and
star-bright eyes,
Awaken dreams of other climes, 'neath brighter, warm-
er skies.

Not in a land of orange groves, and birds of brilliant
plume,
Where Nature scatters all around one luxury of
bloom ;
Where gorgeous butterfly-like flowers entangle every
tread,
Is she, the lovely and beloved, now to the altar led.

'Tis in the land of mount and vale, of dashing linn and glen,
Whose purple heaths, in days of yore, were clad with
warrior men ;

Where bonnets wear the thistle crests, and bosoms
brave the plaid,

One, with fond triumph in his eye, looks on his peerless
bride.

And gently, fondly, will he deal with that fair orphan girl,
His treasure—all the world above, his life's once price-
less pearl ;

And well with rapture may he view his rare and
beauteous flower,

Whom blessings from a thousand hearts will follow to
his bower :

E'en from afar warm breathings float, from bosoms all
sincere,—

Prayers for the gentle child of him whose memory all
revere ;

The feelings of whose mighty heart, benevolent and mild,
A rich world-worth inheritance, descended to his child.

The first foot-marks of spring appear where snowdrops
raise their head,

Where primrose, with its pale sweet robe, peeps from
its mossy bed ;

The winter's gloom has passed away, no more descend
the rains,

The singing-time of birds is come, whilst gladness fills
the plains.

Then, with the early thornless flowers, fresh with the
glistening dew,—
As emblem of their future road,—the wedded's path-
way strew ;
Oh ! still, dew fresh, in either soul, live music, spring,
and hope,
Nor *much* of care upon life's way, be their's wherewith
to cope.

None would I wish, if such could be ;—but oh ! life's
little span
Unchequered, to the passing foot, ne'er falls to lot of man,
But soft as spring-clouds shadows flit, o'er meads in
light arrayed,
May every life-attending care prove but a fleeting shade.
Be their's all bliss which wedded love to noble hearts
can bring ;
No discord touch affection's lute, to wake one jarring
string :
One heart, one home, one altar, long in love may they enjoy,
And every Heaven-sent happiness be their's without alloy.

Whilst wishes round the festive board flow warm in
Burns's land,
Oh ! bear them, bear them proudly on, ye waves, to
Erin's strand ;
Let Erin's daughters to receive the fair young bride
come forth,
(For never trod their fertile shores more loveliness and
worth),

And fragrant flowers, fair thornless flowers, before
their footsteps spread,
As emblem of the glad life-path each wish would have
them tread.
All joy to union of such hearts, so kindred in each
tone:
Would, would that this fair earth of ours more of such
hearts could own.

To the Primrose.

I LOVE, I love thee, primrose :
Thou 'rt to me the fairest flower
That decorates the garden,
Or blooms in nature's bower.
Let other eyes love gazing
On the blue Forget-me-not,
As to the heart it whispers
From the streamlet's side and grot ;

But I love, I love thee, primrose,
Gentle daughter of the Spring !
There's a magic in thy perfume,
As it scents the breeze's wing.
There's a spell around thee clinging,
There's a language speaking there,
Which leads my fancy backward
To the sunny days that were.

I love, I love thee, primrose :
As I gaze, the veil which time
Flings o'er the past is lifted,
And sweet meadows in their prime
Seem spread, where young ones sporting
Fill with mirth each verdant wild,
And again I mingle with them,
And still deem myself a child.

And again, sweet, modest primrose,
Fragrant gems of thee we bring,
As we ramble o'er the meadow
To seek rushes for our string ;
And to bind our dewy treasures,
Sit us down by some bright stream ;—
Oh ! that mirth still floats around me,
Like glad voices in a dream.

I love, I love thee, primrose,
Type of life's young morn art thou,
For thou bloom'st 'neath beams and showers,
Light as fall on childhood's brow ;
Oh ! I never see thy vesture,
With its chaste and simple dye,
But my heart seems overflowing
With a strangely mournful joy.

Stanzas

ON THE DEMISE OF ROBERT BURNS, ESQ., OF DUMFRIES,
ELDEST SON OF SCOTLAND'S BARD.

A SOLEMN waving of dark plumes is seen
Midst sable groups, who onward sad and slow
Direct their footsteps to that sacred green,
Where calmly, side by side, sleep friend and foe.
The unfeigned impress of the heart that mourns
Fills every brow assembled there with gloom—
For 'tis the first-born of immortal Burns
They bear in sorrow to the lonely tomb.

"No more," is murmured from each lip, "no more
His pleasing converse shall delight impart;
Lost, lost to us the magic of his lore,
And all the genuine warmth of his deep heart.
Ah! lost to us the friend reserved so long,
Endeared to every heart by many a tie,
The gifted son of Scotland's bard of song.
Alas! that earth's most loved and prized should
die."

"Should die!" a breeze-like voice would seem to say;
"And what is death but rest—an ended race,
Through which life's rose leaves flutter all away,
Till but the thorns remain to mark their place?"

'Tis no untimely fruit Death gathers in—

He bowed his head 'neath ripe and honoured years ;
He is gone home—home from the thrall, and sin,
And weary wanderings in this vale of tears."

" Ah !" sigh the mourners, " vacancy is left,

As when a jewel from a chaplet's fled,
And sorrow known but to the sore bereft

Comes with the thought that he is of the dead :
He, the too simple for the world's great mart,

Though far for learning's high perfections famed,
Accomplished, kind, compassionate of heart,
To be but as a memory henceforth named."

" He is gone home—home to the passed away—

The loved, who crossed the shadowy bourne before,
The spirit land, where no earth care can stray,"

Floats in the soft triumphant voice once more.

Where wife, sire, mother, slumber side by side,

The clay-revered place in its bed of earth ;

And still let Scotland boast with sacred pride

She holds their hallowed dust and place of birth.

With feelings that no foot unbared should tread

The spot made sacred long by Burns's bier,

In deep solemnity they place the dead

By " bonnie Jean," with many a votive tear.

" Left us for ever—stepped into the night,"

The mourners falter, " ne'er in sight to come ;"

" Gone," the voice murmurs, " into endless light,

Gone to the dear departed home—gone home."

Stanzas for the Centenary of
Robert Burns.

YE train immortal ! whose far-seeing gaze
Can penetrate the future and the past ;
Whose favourites wear that shining cloak and bays,
Too oft seen struggling with Life's adverse blast ;—
Oh ! deign the hallowed mantle now to throw,
Round one who dares approach your sacred fane—
An humble suppliant for the genial glow
Which life diffuses through the trembling strain !

Seized by the venerating world around,
The exalted theme to which my lyre I'd string ;
In every land the Minstrel's name is found,
Whilst vocal incense loads each breezes' wing.
A century hath vanished year by year—
Leaving its records on the page of Time—
Since *his* first glance was hailed in humble sphere,
Whose fame refulgent glows in many a clime.
Behold the new-born, decked in lowly bands,
Welcomed by parent and by guest in turns ;
Whilst Coila, viewless, lays ordaining hands
Upon the infant head of Robert Burns.
A chasten'd rapture fills her godlike face,
As o'er the babe she spreads her garb divine ;
Her eye prophetic his career can trace,—
Each mournful chequer, and each radiant line :

But proudly, nobly shall he bear him up
The sterile paths—Parnassian heights embrace ;
Though to the dregs he'll drain the bitter cup,
Malignant censure fills for all his race ;
Yet triumph, triumph crowns his brow at last—
His fame, emblazon'd, beams from sphere to sphere ;
A brilliant star, he glitters in the past,
Which nations gaze on, honour, and revere.

So Time unfolded to the muses view
The mystic annals of long future years ;
So did the Bard the maze of song pursue,
With lyre, awaking ecstasy and tears.
“And who,” cries Scotia in exulting tone,
“E'er from the wild harp struck such burning strains
As did the mighty Burns we call our own,
Whose memory brilliance with Time's lapses gains?”

Peculiar favourite of the tuneful Nine !
Thy just renown is lauded o'er the earth ;
Atlantic cities, with home isles, combine
To hold the centenary of thy birth ;
The distant tasters of Castalian streams,
With solemn rapture, trace thy lofty flight
Through Thought's vast regions, till the far up beams
Invest thee with a garb of dazzling light ;
The humbler lovers of the melting strain,
In silent worship, bring to Genius' shrine
That deep-felt homage thrilling every vein—
The tribute due, great Burns, to worth like thine.

Thy deathless numbers sound in every home ;
Dearly familiar is each matchless lay ;
Hearts vibrate to them in th' Imperial dome,
Whilst round cot hearths congenial pulses play.
All bosoms share the universal pride
With which this sacred day is set apart ;
Whilst gratitude lets loose the gushing tide
Of feeling, deep in peer and peasant's heart.
Lovers of song to-day from sister lands
Meet on the shores by Burns immortalised ;
By Caledon is grasped the regal hands,
Whose pressure speaks how well they sympathised.
Fair Albion, with her brow 'neath helmet's shade,
Imperial trident, and her mystic shield,
With azure mantle o'er her shoulders laid,
Comes smiling, honour to the Bard to yield.
And Erin, robed in undulating green,
The dew-fresh shamrock glistening round her head,
With golden harp, appears upon the scene
To weave her garlands o'er the illustrious dead :
Whilst Caledonia bends her high-plumed crest,
To hide the tear that o'er her flushed cheek falls.
Remorse, with pride, is struggling in her breast,
As memory stern her Poet's past recalls ;
E'en while he crowned her with undying flowers,
Her deeds heroic bade his lyre record,
Till light immortal glorified her bowers,
She loved the honour but forgot the Bard !
The past is past, august and regal dame—
Oblivion's veil o'er painful memories draw ;

Let present pride dispel that tinge of shame,
 Thine was the peerless "Bard that's noo awa."
 And oh! forbid thy children to upraise
 The glass, by envy's hand all smoke-besmear'd,
 Through which on genius' disc too many gaze,
 Proclaiming loud where earth-like spots appear'd;
 And proudly raise thine head, most noble dame—
 View pilgrims crowd where'er thy blue eye turns;
 Hear the loud trumpet of eternal fame
 Declare the world boasts but one—ROBERT BURNS.

The One Dark Thought.

NO MORE, in costliest robes attired,
 She moves where fashion's vot'ries crowd,
 Their leader—envied, sought, admired—
 The high-born, beautiful, and proud;
 A sombre garb enwraps her form,
 Pale is her face, and sorrow-fraught,
 And, gnawing like a canker-worm,
 Upon her heart is *one dark thought*.

Just blushing into womanhood,
 As bursts the rosebud into bloom,
 Her child, for peerless beauty, stood
 The fairest in each crowded room:

'Twas said the raven's wing was naught
To the dark glory of her hair,
That roses with dew freshness fraught
You scarce might to her cheek compare.
The brilliant blue of summer's sky
Beam'd glorious through her eye's dark fringe,
None match'd her form for symmetry,
Her face for loveliness of tinge.

From far-off lands were teachers brought,
To perfect her in every grace ;
Wealth left no ornament unbought
To decorate her mind and face :
Accomplish'd was she named, and good.
But, ah ! what in her soul had birth
(All she'd been taught, or understood),
Breath'd only of this fleeting earth !

The doating parent saw her child
In every elegance excel ;
"To her," she said, and proudly smiled,
"I've done a parent's duty well."
But soon that mother's wail of grief
Arose where her fair idol lay,
To whom no hand could yield relief,
Nor her departing spirit stay.
As wildly still to life she clung,
And raved, imploring life to save—
"'Twas hard," she said, "for one so young,
To change life's pleasures for the grave.

“Alas ! to be consign’d to earth,
To moulder there, and feed the worm !
What now is nobleness of birth—
Or what is loveliness of form ?
Up to her mother’s face she raised
Her death-dimm’d and reproachful eye,
And her last words were, as she gazed—
“ *You never taught me how to die !*”

And ’tis those words her heart consume
With keen remorse, till life’s a wreck—
For still she hears them from the tomb
With fearful import tremble back !
And when appears a maiden fraught
With all that glads a parent’s eye,
She, of the one corrosive thought,
Says, “Teach her, teach her how to die !

“Teach her how brief the space which lies
Between the cradle and the tomb ;
That *spirit beauty* most to prize,
Which triumphs in immortal bloom ;
How life can be with joy resign’d,
And never-ending pleasures won
These teach her, parents, or you’ll find
The ‘*Tekel*’ stamp’d on all you’ve done.”

The Broken Lily.

A LILY, deck'd in snow-white robes,
Bloom'd by a murm'ring stream,
Each night she bow'd her head in joy,
And dream'd as lilies dream.
Each morn the water wand'ring past,
Its sweetest music gave,
As bending from her couch she view'd
Her pure face in its wave.

'Twas beauteous when the sun arose,
That lily to behold,
Her snowy garments beaded o'er
With gems of glancing gold ;
And as towards the blushing sky
Her head she meekly raised,
A ruby gem of purest rays
Upon her bosom blazed.

And many a beau that flow'ret had :
The bee, though prone to rove,
Forsook the whole gay sisterhood
For his sweet lily love ;
The flirting butterfly was seen
To leave more gaudy things,
And where the lily's pale robe gleam'd
To rest his glitt'ring wings.

But on a day—a luckless day !

A zephyr sought the bow'rs,
Now dimpling with its kiss the wave,
Now sporting with young flow'rs ;
Now wrestling with the lily fair,
In wantonness and play ;
And up and down, and to and fro
Her bright head toss'd that day.

Too low she bow'd in striving with
The zephyr in its mirth,
Until her snowy garments came
In contact with the earth.
And when she graceful rose again
With proud elastic spring,
A dark spot dimm'd her loveliness—
She was a sullied thing !

A cloud, whilst floating o'er the scene—
To wash away the stain—
In pity to the thing defiled,
Pour'd down its well meant rain.
But too severe and heavily
Dash'd down the patt'ring shower,
Prostrating to the mouldy earth
The tiny, fragile flow'r.

Oh, had the rain in gentleness
Swept o'er the floral gem,
A purified and lovely thing
Might still have graced the stem !

But to the flow'r each pelting drop
A cruel death blow gave,
And bow'd and shatter'd to the earth
What it but meant to save.

And thus it is with human flowers ;
Oh, ye who would reprove
The weak and erring of your race,
Your counsel give in love !
There is a spell in gentleness,
A magic in its tone,
Which holds the power to sway the heart,
And holds that power alone.

Kind words ! sure such alone should flow
From gentle woman's heart ;
And surely harshness is beneath
Man's still superior part :
Such only tends to break the reed,
To crush the bending flower ;
Oh, then, let chidings kind and calm
Descend, the cleansing shower !

The Postman's Knock.

THE postman's knock ! oh, what delight
That well-known sound imparts,
That hasty rap, tap ! how it thrills
Each pulse in fond young hearts ;
What light and joyous footsteps tread
That moment on the floor—
What beaming eyes, and glowing cheeks,
Then meet him at the door !

And what a sweet and gracious smile
The happy fair one gives,
As she, with eager out-stretch'd hand,
The welcome note receives ;
She sees her name, so neatly traced
In her beloved one's hand—
She feels his heart is still her own,
Though in a distant land ;
The very motto on the seal
Can tranquilise each fear—
“ We only part to meet again,”
Or, “ Absent, ever dear.”

The postman's knock ! how many ears
Wait anxious for that sound,
His well-known foot upon the stair,
His tread upon the ground ;

Joy, friendship, love, and oft-times grief's
Imparted by his call,
Yet, be his tidings what they may,
He's welcomed still by all.

How many bosoms hopefully,
Yet tremblingly, await
That packet, which has travell'd far
To tell some loved one's fate :
A sailor or a soldier love,
Cut down in life's young spring—
What wonder if his own last last lines
Become a worshipp'd thing!
What wonder, then, if bitter tears
From sorrow's fount arise,
Embalming oft that folded leaf,
Than gold a richer prize !

The postman's knock ! its magic power
What bosom can deny—
Say, who has not his absence felt
Without an anxious sigh ?
Alas ! 'tis sad, with hope-fraught heart,
To sit and watch the clock
Until the very hour arrives,
And then, no postman's knock !

I've marked a bitter tear-drop start
Unbidden to an eye,
I've marked a bosom struggling heave
With disappointment's sigh—

I've seen the red blood mount a cheek,
Then tremble to the heart ;
Who'd think a passing postman could
Such agony impart ?

The postman's knock ! it had not come,
She felt the sad neglect—
From her own love, her own betroth'd,
She did not this expect ;
She felt it, and she tried to hide,
And o'er her fair young face
She drew her hand, and then withdrew,
When gone was ev'ry trace
Of the deep workings of her soul,
Which varied on her cheek,
And told that tale of wretchedness
Her lips could never speak.

I felt for her, but did not seem
To notice her distress.
I thought, were I a youth who had
Such perfect power to bless
My lady-love, I would not thus
Give fond hearts such a shock,
But cause them often to rejoice
When came the postman's knock.

The Suicide's Farewell.

“WORLD, farewell ! false, false I find thee ;
Truth, what art thou but a name ?
Nought remains on earth to bind me—
Life, alas ! is but a dream !
Joys there were, but they are faded
Like the flower on which I tread,
When autumnal winds have laid it
On my pathway, chill'd and dead.

“Life, adieu ! here is a potion
Gives oblivion to thy woes,
Stills the bosom's wild emotion,
Seals the eyelids in repose.
Coward heart ! why flutter, pleading
For a life you loathe and dread ?
Trampled on, and wrong'd, and bleeding,
Why not seek death's painless bed ?

“Fearest thou to go uncalled ?
Shrink'st thou from death's awful gloom ?
Wherefore shudder now, appalled
At the world beyond the tomb ?
Look not there ! such thoughts unnerve thee,
Drive thee 'frighted from the brink ;
Only think how *he* hath served thee,
And repaid thy love. Oh ! think.

“How he hath so basely left thee,
When thy love was woo'd and won,
And of every joy bereft thee,
When each pulse was his alone ;
Think on what remorse he'll suffer—
Feelings to his false heart strange :
Why, then, life not freely offer
At the shrine of that revenge ?

“Life ! I've drained thy cup of sadness,
Till my stagg'ring senses stood
On the very verge of madness,
Scarce by reason's voice subdued.
Now, e'en now, a hydra fever
Burns and reels my tortured brain ;
But this cup hath power to sever
Life's now loath'd and galling chain !

“World, farewell ! the draught is taken,
Now I lay me down to sleep,
Never more on earth to waken
From a slumber still and deep.
With a faithless world behind me,
And a world unknown before ;
Death ! to thee I have resigned me ;
Life ! adieu—adieu once more !”

Victim of a dire delusion !
And did conscience vainly plead ?
Didst thou deem its voice intrusion ?
'Twas to drive thee from the deed !

Oh ! hadst thou from the temptation
Flown for refuge and for rest
To the rock of Christ's salvation,
Shelter strong for the distress'd !

The Deserter.

WITH a heart with anguish rending,
Eyes bedimm'd with tears of grief,
Hurried steps a youth was bending
To the chambers of his chief.
Cap in hand, he stood before him,
Told with sad and faltering breath,
How the widowed one who bore him
Languished on the bed of death.

Earnestly the stricken-hearted
Sued for leave to see her die ;
But that sad, sad hope departed
With the man of power's reply :
"Nay," he answer'd to his pleading—
For his grief had desperate grown—
"Nay, you leave not ;" and, unheeding,
Turned and left the youth alone.

Then, with bosom proudly swelling,
Burning cheek, and lip compress'd,
The boy soldier left the dwelling
With a purpose in his breast.

“ Wretch, to sympathy a stranger,
Did you deem my woes untrue ?
Welcome death, and welcome danger,
Mother, when I’ve knelt by you !”

Gloriously broke in the morrow,
For ’twas summer, gladsome time,
As the way-worn child of sorrow
Journeyed on through nature’s prime,
By the mountain wild and hoary,
Where no beaten track was seen,
On through glens, in summer glory
Richly, beautifully green.

What to him the feathereds’ singing ?
What to him all nature’s mirth—
Sunbeams through the foliage flinging
Spangles on the mossy earth—
As with sobs of bitter anguish
On the turf he sank to rest ?
Danger nigh, to sleep he’d languish,
Faint and weary, and oppress’d.

To the shelter of a willow
The exhausted wand’rer crept ;
Tears bedew’d his grassy pillow,
But at length, o’ercome, he slept :
Slept and dream’d—oh, glad that dreaming !
Present woes were far apart,
Where the golden sun was streaming
Did he roam in glee of heart.

Now the radiant hills ascending
With young playmates, as of yore,
Peals of merry laughter blending
With the gushing mill-stream's roar ;
Then to home, with book before him,
Seated by his mother's side,
Did his visions bright restore him,
Where he met her glance of pride.

Woe was from his bosom banish'd,
Joys were his so long unknown ;
But, alas ! the vision vanish'd—
Glitt'ring arms around him shone.
Back to punishment they led him,
Back to duty and disgrace.
From that hour hope's last rays fled him,
Ne'er a smile illumed his face ;

She, his mother, had departed,
Her last cherish'd wish denied,
To behold her noble-hearted,
Clasp and bless him ere she died.

'Twas the man whose lifted station
O'er his fellows gave him power,
Wrought that young heart's desolation,
Blasted every bosom flower.
Thus was life made dark and dreary
By the heartless and unkind :
But no longer now the weary
Battles with rude waves and wind.

The Gipsy Girl.

GENTLE page, pause thee now,
Lay down the lyre ;
Raise to this care-fraught brow
Thine eyes of fire.
Strange is the spell that lies
In this dark glow,
Fraught with soul sympathies
For this heart's woe.

Oft have I noticed them
Mournfully rest
On pearl and costly gem,
Beading my vest ;
On jewell'd tiara bright,
Circling my hair,
O'er this face now so white—
White with heart's care.

E'en when these halls ring back
Revelry's sounds,
Memory reveals a track
O'er other grounds ;
Then might you see my lip
Wreath'd with a smile,
For old companionship
Is mine the while:

“List to me, boy : not where,
Formal and proud,
Breathing the pent-up air—
House-dwellers crowd
Was my young life confin'd,
Sped childhood's hours !
No ; all was free as wind,
Gay as the flowers.

“In glen and valley's heart,
By the bright floods,
From the world's busy mart
Far in the woods,
Dwelt I with wandering ones—
Glad eyed and dark,
Agile as forest fawns,
Gay as the lark.

“The ceiling above us there
Arched not saloons ;
The tapestries round us were
Leafy festoons.
The carpets on which we trod
Pampered not pride ;
It was the enamell'd sod,
Verdant and wide.

“While the dreams hovered still
O'er waking flowers,
To range the wild wood and hill
Freely was ours ;

Ours—for, ah ! never
Roamed I forth alone,
One playmate's arm ever
Around me was thrown.

“ Childhood's morn pass'd away,
Life's early days,
Then more of ardency
Grew in his gaze ;
And more of tenderness
In his tone dwelt ;
Oh ! the pure happiness
Either heart felt.

“ Merry sounds cross'd the meads
One sunny morn ;
Trampling of many steeds,
Peals of a horn.
Then a gay hunting throng
Swept within sight,
Chargers bore proud along
Lady and Knight.

“ Out sprang we hand in hand
In our heart's glee :
Eyes from amidst the band
Rested on me.
Then o'er me bent a face
Haughty and wild ;
I swooned in the close embrace
Sire gave to child.

“Yes, boy, the proofs were brought
Of my high birth ;
Baby robes richly wrought
Jewels of worth.
Now the halls of an earl,
’Mongst noble kin,
Closes the gipsy girl
Ever within :

“In from the valleys free
From the fresh breeze,
Dreamy hum of the bee,
’Neath the broad trees ;
Murmuring of joyous streams
Dancing along,
Dewy meads, early beams,
And the lark’s song.

“Fond words which lips of art
Mock to express ;
And the warm, heart to heart,
Love-fraught caress.
Ah ! to be jewell’d, garbed,
Pining for rest ;
Discontent, like the barbed
Steel in my breast.”

Smiling, the page arose,
Eyes beaming bright ;
Down at her feet he throws
Tresses of light.

Clustering his head around,
 Jetty curls lie;
And his brow, sun embrowned's
 Reft of its dye.

Emotions came o'er her
 Which words cannot vent;
Her lover's before her—
 Yes, he of the tent.
A whisper in Romany
 On her ear falls;
And morn finds her far away
 From her sire's halls.

To the Memory of my Mother.

WRITTEN AFTER HER DEATH IN FEBRUARY, 1850.

THOU art gone from us, Mother—the green turf is o'er
 thee,

Deep now thy repose in the lone, silent earth;
We weep, but our tear-drops can never restore thee,
 All loved as thou wert, to our home and our hearth.

Life's journey to thee, kindest Mother, is ended,
 And varied the paths thou has trod on thy way:
Joy's sunbeams have shown, and grief's showers have
 descended,
But thine is no longer the storm or the ray.

The cup of affliction thou shrank'st not from draining,
Nor fell from thy pale lips one murmuring breath,
For thy Saviour, thy trust, thy bowed spirit sustaining,
Consoled thee throughout the dark valley of death.

'Twere selfish, my Mother, were we to regret thee,
Removed to that holier, happier sphere,
But never through time or change shall we forget thee
Whilst mem'ry can brood o'er thy tenderness here.

A mournful, yet sweet consolation we'll borrow
From oft-times recalling thy patience, thy trust,
And still as we name thee the big tear of sorrow
Shall flow to thy memory—thou laid in the dust.

Even now do the scenes of each young recollection
Come back with the light of that happier time :
Thou art with us again, with thy tones of affection,
In our old distant home, 'mid our gardens in prime.

We cluster around thee beneath the broad shadow
The sycamore flings on the green sunny earth,
Or roam by thy side through the soft verdant meadow,
When the pale dewy primrose in sweetness has
birth.

Thou art pointing to dazzling clouds brightly reposing
Along the rich west of a sun-setting sky,
And telling us pure spirits, after life's closing,
Soar far 'bove that splendour, to ne'er failing joy.

Oh ! blest be those early days, bright and unclouded
The memory of all thy past kindness and care ;
And hallowed thy clay in the snowy robe shrouded,
And laid in thy church-yard to slumber, O Ayr.

Oh ! sadly we miss thee, who calmly art sleeping,
Not 'neath the blue skies of thine own native plains—
The breeze of a stranger land softly is sweeping
The green grass which covers thy sacred remains.

Thou art gone from us, Mother ; yet, while we deplore
thee,

We mourn not as those without hope, for we feel
That a great and a glorious change has come o'er thee,
Too wondrous for us to conceive or reveal.

The Condemned.

My lost one, I behold her yet,
All lovely as when first we met :
A brow more sweet, more downy fair,
Ne'er gleamed beneath luxuriant hair ;
Her eye how softly languishing !
Though darker than the raven's wing,
Its beams were brighter than the star
Beheld in the blue heavens afar ;
From 'neath its fringe of silken jet
It languishes upon me yet.

Her silvery voice, I hear it too,
Glad as when last we breathed adieu,
With promise soon again to meet,
At evening, in our loved retreat :
She grasps my hand in girlish play,
Then bounds with fawn-like step away.
I see her wavy hair unbound,
Which almost sweeps the very ground,
Darker than ebony—yet seems
Bright gilded with the sunset beams.
'Tis said some hand—oh ! 'tis not so !—
Made from her heart the young blood flow.
It cannot be : yet why am I
Imprisoned—fettered—doomed to die ?
To die ; and she is dead. Ah, me !
Reality it cannot be.
Let me my wandering thoughts recall ;—
Oh ! now the truth is dawning all
Upon my brain :—Great God of power,
Support me in this awful hour
Of agony and of despair !
But hark ! there falls upon mine ear
My keeper's tread.

* * * * *

Nay, tremble not,
Kind jailer, at my hapless lot ;
To-morrow's noon, and all is o'er,
Then this wronged heart shall beat no more.

Did I acknowledge it? oh! no:
Say, jailer, did I strike the blow?
Yes, thou wert present at the time
When I denied or owned the crime.
I saw thee there when I was led
To gaze upon the fearful bed,
As each excited crowd made way
That I might touch the pale cold clay.
Seemed I reluctant to approach,
Or did I dread that brow to touch?
They said, had I the murder done,
Fresh from the wound the blood would run;
But when to the pale corpse I turned
I could not breathe, my eye-balls turned.
I saw my father standing there,
With placid brow and silver hair:
I heard his voice—then reason fled,
I only felt that she was dead.
I knew I stood beside the couch,
I know not if I dared to touch:
Say, jailer, did the victim bleed,
In witness that I did the deed?
I know not what I mentioned there,
I only found that I was here,
With shackled limbs, condemned to pay
My life for her's I took away.
I took—just powers! yet it must be—
The crime, the suffering rest on me.
Could I free pardon now procure,
I would not—nay, I will endure;

This night in penitence I spend—
To-morrow's noon, and all shall end.

* * * * *

'Tis early morn : the pale, dim light
Falls faintly upon tower and height ;
A peaceful hamlet's walls of snow
Gleam 'mid the darkness spread below ;
And yet, so shrouded, all would seem
As faint and shadowy as a dream
Which dimly falls upon the mind,
Confused, and dark, and undefined.
Slow noddling like a hearse's plume,
The copeswood waves amid the gloom,
As ever and anon the gale
Seems sighing forth some mournful tale.
And there, upon the misty green,
Some darksome object's dimly seen ;
Though half-confounded with the shade
Of backgrounds, there's enough displayed
Of outline 'gainst the dawning light
To make one shudder at the sight.
It is a scaffold ! When upreared ?
None saw the fatal thing prepared ;
Yet, when the sombre clouds gave way
Before the beaming face of day,
'Tis there, and crowds are hastening nigh—
It is the hour when he must die.
A murmur rose amongst the throng ;
The doomed one now is led along ;

A tear-drop starts in every eye,
Save his whose heart is seared and dry,
Who gazes on the crowd like one
Whose latest spark of reason's gone.

* * * * *

The victim on the platform stands,
With drooping head and clasped hands.
Is he the youth whose glossy hair,
When floating in the gladsome air,
Seemed darker than the shade of night
When not a starlet lends its light.
The breezy locks which wildly flow
O'er that drooped brow are tinged with snow ;
Those vacant locks, so glazed and dim,
Are not the speaking eyes of him
Whose gay, bewitching glance of fire
Might well the coldest heart inspire ;
Can that pale cheek, with death so fraught,
Be his which blushed the rose to naught ?
Tall as a mountain larch he stood,
The straightest cedar in the wood :
That wasted form, so bowed to earth,
Cannot be his—all life and mirth.
Perchance repentance wrought that change,
Or long confinement. Ah ! how strange
That he of such exalted mind
To that dark deed could be resigned.
What demon urged to deal the blow
That laid our village beauty low ?

And she his own betrothed—his own!—
For such a crime what could atone?
Ill-guided youth, while life is thine,
Fly to the mercy-seat divine—
Raise up those blood-stained hands in prayer,
A King, a mighty Judge is there.

* * * * *

Hark! hark! a cry, so wild and loud,
It thrills through all that silent crowd:
An old man, with his bosom bare,
And streaming wild his silver hair,
Like lightning rushes 'mid the throng.
“Stay, stay thy hand, the deed is wrong,
I am the murderer—yes I—
The fiend incarnate who must die.
Impelled by avarice I slew
That maiden, pure as mountain dew.
The truth was ascertained by none
Save my self-sacrificing son,
Who would his spotless life resign
From *this* to save accursed mine.
On him suspicion strongly fell,
And seeming facts confirmed it well.
Long has madness burned my brain,
But now I am myself again;
To me unearthly strength was given—
My strongest cords with ease were riven.
My keepers, terrified, beheld—
They knew not what my mind impelled,

As from them with effectual bound
I rushed to gain the fatal ground :
With footsteps light, and winged, and wild,
I skimmed the ground to save my child ;
Yes, all the stigma, all the shame,
Must blast eternally my name.”
Ludovico awakens now,
Thought gathers to his grief-stamped brow,
And for the fixed and vacant stare
His is a look of wild despair ;
That voice a horrid scene recalls—
O'erpowered with agony he falls ;—
A rush is made, the injured one
Is raised, but life, alas ! is gone—
The old man by the lost one stands :
“ There's double blood upon these hands—
Oh ! guileless blood—yet, once again,
They must receive another stain.
It is too late my son to save
From aught except a murderer's grave.”
He raised his arm—a sunbeam played
An instant on a glittering blade ;
Another, and a corpse he lies,
With livid face and upturned eyes—
His aged form besmeared with blood,
His grey locks dappled in the flood.

The Blighted Heart.

SHE never named him, never,
And they deemed he was forgot,
Yet she loved him dear as ever,
Although she named him not.
She thought on fond words spoken,
On joys for ever gone,
On plighted vows now broken,
On her loved but faithless one.

She met the gay each morrow,
And tried to join their laugh,
She dared not tell her sorrow,
Lest heartless ones should scoff ;
Her jetty eye was tearless,
Yet its dark and steadfast ray
Spoke anguish deep and cheerless,
Too keen to weep away.

The lily seemed not whiter
Than her cheek, so sadly fair,
And her pale, pale brow gleamed brighter
Neath her rich, dark, flowing hair.
What though she did endeavour
To seem gayest round the hearth ?
Her smile ! ah, never, never
Could it be the smile of mirth.

Ah! no, 'twas like the glaring
Of torch-light, fitful shed
O'er sculptur'd features, wearing
The calmness of the dead :
But soon her eye assum'd
A clear, unearthly light,
Again her pale cheek bloom'd,
But its glow was strangely bright.

'Twas the hand of death imparted
That mockery of bloom,
Ere he led the blighted-hearted,
Love's victim to the tomb.
Spring's early flowers were spreading
Their bright leaves 'neath her feet,
But she turned aside from treading
O'er buds so young and sweet.

She knew the young flowers springing
So gaily round her path,
Kind hands should soon be flinging
O'er her lonely bed of death.
She thought on death unsighing,
Her wish was to depart ;
Yet she breath'd one prayer, in dying,
For the loved one of her heart.

The Betrayed.

DAY's glad orb was brightly flinging
O'er creation joy and light,
From earth's fostering bosom bringing
All of life that's pure and bright ;
Summer breezes, softly sighing,
Through an open casement played,
Where a fair young girl lay dying,
Lone, and lovely, and betrayed.

But the breeze, so soft and fragrant,
Could to her no comfort yield,
For the life blood, cold and stagnant,
Felt as if to ice congeal'd ;
And the beams which woke the blossom,
Making glad the summer air,
Only mocked her withered bosom,
And her brow of pain and care:

But her days and nights of mourning
Fast approached that final close,
When the "dust to dust returning,"
Rests in deep and still repose.
Lo! a stranger bending o'er her,
Wipes the death dews from her brow—
But the light grows dim before her,
And her breath is fainter now.

One small hand of snow's reposing
On her slowly heaving breast,
And her languid lids are closing,
As by heavy weight oppressed ;
Soft the pale, pale lips are parted,
Fervent breathings issue there,
And the name of the false-hearted
Mingles with that dying prayer.

Where is he who so beguiled her,
Lured her girlish feet to roam,
And, with fondest passion, wiled her
From her widowed mother's home ?
Fled, and left her there to languish,
In a land where strangers dwell,
Where her cup o'erflowed with anguish,
And her wounded spirit fell ;

For the dreams she fondly cherished,
Bright with honour and with pride,
With a sudden shock had perished,
And her heart within her died.
Sorrow's with'ring hand soon brought her
To the bed of pain and grief ;
But her deep affliction taught her
Where her heart should seek relief.

Low the child of error bent her
Where no misery vainly sues,
And that glorious hope was sent her
That all fear of death subdues ;

And her sin-sick soul was healed,
For she poured her heart in prayer—
And she found a balm in Gilead,
And a kind Physician there

For a spirit bowed and broken.
Her young heart could now rejoice,
For she felt the Spirit's token,
And she knew that "still small voice."
Now, what visions round her gather !
Fancy wings it o'er the deep
To the cottage of her mother,
Where she sees her kneel and weep.

Yes ! she hears her prayers ascending
For her dear and hapless child,
While the names are humbly blending
Of the spoiler and the spoiled ;
And she hears her fondly sighing
Purest blessings on her head,
And it cheers her hour of dying,
When all earthly joys are fled.

Peace ! it is the last sad feeling—
Soon the weary heart lies still,
'Tis the spirit gentle stealing
Far away from earthly ill.
Now 'tis done, the struggle's ended,
And the freed soul wings its flight,
By celestial guards attended,
To the realms of endless light.

The Warrior.

“UP, vassals! up, and proudly rear before the joy-
fraught blast
The banners of our ancient house, the trophies of the
past;
There’s tidings from the battle-plain, a glorious
conquest’s ours,
And vict’ry’s flags shall float anew from his ancestral
towers.
We know the legends of our race, the deeds our fathers
done,
Their dauntlessness and chivalry are richly thine, my
son.
And now when triumph fills our land, each home re-
joicings hold—
How proudly shall I welcome thee, my beautiful, my
bold!
Why tarry, then, my son, my son? I long to clasp thee
now—
Come, with the laurels bravely won upon thy bright
young brow.
Oh, high as valiant is the blood that courses through thy
veins!
Come, and unstain’d escutcheons heir, and all these vast
domains.

Thy halls are filled with minstrelsy, and spread the festive board

With every luxury that home and far-off lands afford ;
And I with all a mother's heart, in triumph and in pride,
Shall enter in my country's joys, when thou art by my side.

Hark, hark! a hoof is on the breeze, a harbinger is nigh ;
At sounds of coming carriage wheels the portals open fly.
But why, Sir Knight, thy cheek so pale, thy words so strange and wild ?

Why from his mother's doating arms still lingers back my child ?

And why prevails deep silence now throughout these crowded halls,

As heavy tread of martial feet upon the marble falls ?

Oh God! the truth, the fearful truth, hath met my stricken sight—

My boy is borne to his proud home with features still and white ;

His radiant locks fall dark with gore upon his forehead cold,

Those locks which sunbeams loved to kiss, and kindle into gold ;

His young life-blood has stain'd his vest, a sabre wound is there—

What hand dare slay the widow's son, the noble's orphan heir,

The scion of a spotless race, of lineage high and proud ?
But what avails to mould or worm, who lies beneath the shroud !

Is this the glory battle yields ? Take, take the wreath
away

Which mocks his icy brow ; and, oh ! re-animate that
clay.

Back, menials back, I am not mad ! are these like
frenzy's throes ?

Mine is the darkness of the dead ; but ah ! not that re-
pose.

Ambition's dream is all dissolved, and my awakened
glance

Beholds the blood-red field of war divested of romance.
I've taken from his cold, dead grasp, the gore-beclotted
blade

By which, perchance, some mother's hope, like mine, was
lowly laid ;

And vict'ry's ours—the very air with sounds of triumph's
fraught,

But riven hearts like mine can tell how dearly it was
bought.”

Farewell.

YES, our last farewell is breathed,
And we part, for ever part;
Every tie is now unwreathed
Which had bound us heart to heart;

For too plainly I discover
All is perfidy in thee;
Every dream of joy is over—
But my heart, my heart is free.

Proudly is love's cincture broken,
Which had circled it too long;
Not for slightful language spoken,
But the deep, deep sense of wrong.

Love, when cold neglect assails it,
When 'tis too severely tried,
Struggles long; yet what avails it?
It must yield at length to pride.

In my bosom's fond romancing
How I formed thee bright and pure,
Each fond vow my love enhancing,
Breathed, alas! but to allure.

Ah ! how each contending passion
In my tortured bosom strove ;
Grief, and pride, and adoration—
For 'twas deeper still than love.

All was agony and madness
In my breast and in my brain,
Then a deep and sullen sadness
Gave a darker tinge to pain.

Now this heart—once thine, thine only—
Nerves itself with pride and scorn ;
Though forsaken, sad, and lonely,
It thy tardy vows can spurn.

For the storm of grief is over,
And a death-like stillness reigns ;
Yes ! mistaken, heartless lover,
Love no longer now remains.

Love thee now ! my soul would scorn it ;
Bend to woo thy faithless smile—
Now accept thy heart ! I'd spurn it,
Though my own should burst the while !

For our last farewell is breathed,
And we part, for ever part ;
Every tie is now unwreathed
Which had bound us heart to heart.

The Fisherman's Bride.

THE storm has increased, hope sustains her no longer,
Despairing she sinks, overwhelm'd with her fears ;
She hears the rude tempest howl wilder and stronger,
Her heart throbs with anguish, her eyes flow with
tears.

She had left her own dwelling, that stands in the
greenwood,
As Donald the fisherman's beautiful bride ;
She had bidden adieu to the home of her childhood,
For the fisherman's cot, by the dark water side.

Young Donald was brave, loved his Ellen most dearly—
Long, long had she been the fond theme of each
thought ;
Fair Ellen returned his affections sincerely,
And love and true happiness hallow'd their cot.

But that morn she beheld her lov'd Donald departing,
And mournfully fell the last plash of his oar :
She sigh'd an adieu, while a tear-drop was starting,
As he and his comrades pull'd off from the shore.

Pale, pale gleam'd her cheek 'neath the rich locks that
curl'd,

And rivall'd in brightness the beams of the west,
As he promised, ere night its dark banner unfurl'd,
His Ellen again should be clasp'd to his breast.

But the storm-brooding spirit had mov'd o'er the
ocean,

Forbidding its bleak angry billows to sleep ;
She flew to the sea-side, with fearful emotion,
But she saw not his bark on the boisterous deep.

And now it is twilight, the day has gone over,
Ah ! drearily, gloomily, pass'd the long day,
But no tidings of Donald, her husband, her lover,
No bark on the deep where her anxious eyes stray.

She thinks that the sky out to windward is clearing,
A blest ray of hope destined not to depart ;
She stands on the dark brink, half-frenzied, unfearing,
And calls on her love in her sorrow of heart.

As the voice of her wailing is mournfully blending
With that of the storm rushing fearfully past,
It seems from the sea like a death-dirge ascending,
Till it weakens and dies on the bleak howling blast.

Joy, joy ! she beholds his light shallop advancing,
Now almost engulfed 'neath the foam-crested wave,
And now it appears on the proud billows dancing,
Well guided by strong hands, the bold and the brave.

The boat strikes the beach, they are safe, they are singing
With joy that each one hath escaped with his life ;
But Donald is foremost, out from the boat springing,
To clasp to his bosom his Ellen, his wife !

We Know our Friends.

WE know our friends, not when the glad sun's shedding
A glory o'er the path which we pursue ;
Not when on thornless flowers our feet are treading ;
Not when our skies are clear and cloudless blue ;—
For then by changeless friends we are surrounded—
At least we think so,—and believe, should e'er
Our bosom be by this world's sorrows wounded,
Kind hands should be upraised to dry the tear,
And soothing voices our bowed spirits cheer.

We know our friends, not when we're in possession
Of fortune's gifts ; for then we favourite's are
With all, and all are friends—so by profession :
Yet, let a cloud of gloom our prospects mar—
Let's gaze around when fickle fortune's left us,
When adverse winds arise and rain descends,
And tribulation hath of joy bereft us,
Nor hope a ray to mental midnight lends—
And where are those we deemed our changeless friends ?

We know our friends best when each hope is withered,
And wealth and joy have taken wings and fled,
When we look up and see each woe-cloud gather,
Darkly and densely, round our drooping head,
And, gazing round, perceive a few, few only
Of all who seemed sincere in brighter hours ;
But when the chill blast came and all blew lonely,
Whose butterfly-like friendship fled the bowers,
From breath of penury and blighted flowers.

We know our friends are those who linger near us,
Unaltered still, in sunshine, storm, and shade ;
Whose words of sympathy and kindness cheer us,
Reviving hopes and prospects long decayed.
E'en when our bark is tossed upon life's ocean,
Heaved by affliction's billows wild and drear—
When waves and winds combine in strong commotion
To sink the soul in agony and fear—
Then, ever-valued Friendship, thou can'st cheer !

We know our friends : yes, when the hours of sadness,
Like the dark shadows of the night, steal down,
They cheer us with the hope of coming gladness,
When fickle Fortune will have ceased to frown.
And though it wounds us when we feel deserted,
And though by sense of wrong the heart's destroyed,
When solaced by the few and tender-hearted
Each bitter feeling slumbers in the breast,
Lull'd by the voice of Friendship into rest.

Stanzas.

OH! there are other tears than those
Which tremble from the eye ;
Oh! there are deep and silent woes
Which never deign to sigh.
The lips may wear a happy smile,
The cheek its roses keep,
The eye may sparkle glad the while,
And yet the heart may weep.

The quiet of repose may seem
Upon the brow to rest,
And yet may foam the troubled stream
Of wormwood in the breast.
The features from the very strife
Of thought new bloom may take,
Yet, when all seems most pleasure rife,
The heart, the heart may break.

The lips of mirth, the joyous tone,
May hide a spirit bowed,
Which would not brook its woes to own,
For pity far too proud.
'Neath laughter ringing light and free
Grief's canker may be nurst ;
Oh! mid each mockery of glee
The heart, the heart may burst.

The Sylph and the Flowers.

THE gentlest breeze that ever
Swept o'er a woodland scene,
Just giving leaves that quiver,
Which show the silvery green ;
The downy underlining
Amongst the foliage played,
As sunset rays were shining
On hedge-row, flower, and blade.

The fragrant thorn was covered
With a luxury of gems ;
The wing of wild-bee hovered
O'er myriad bright-crowned stems.
The blyth laburnum flaunted
Its tassels o'er the brook,
And birds their last hymn chaunted,
Ere they to rest betook.

The modest primrose bended
In thanksgiving her head :
The essence that ascended
Was the sweet prayer she said.
When, like a radiant shadow,
The Sylph of eventide
Passed brightly o'er the meadow,
To the gentle floweret's side.

Its drooping head she lifted,
As if by soft wind's swell,
And whispered, "Thou art gifted,
I charm thee with a spell.
In garden or in wild wood,
Where e'er thy sweet gems spring,
The golden days of childhood
From memory's waste thou'lt bring.

"The eye of age shall glisten
As it meets thy gentle bloom,
And the heart to tones will listen
Long hush'd within the tomb.
Life's guileless revelations
It will thine be to impart;
And all pure associations
With the primrose time of heart."

"Stay, yet, thou gentle spirit,"
Rose like the breeze's sigh,
"Let me also inherit
Some charm that will not die;
And let earth's sons relate it,
Of my useful merits tell,"
And a fragile stem prostrated
To the earth its pale blue bell.

"Great and varied be thy mission,
Useful to the child of earth;
Change of name and of position
Shall attend thee from thy birth.

Treasuring truths through rolling ages,
Thine the glorious task shall be,
On bright thoughts of bards and sages
Stamping immortality.

“Thine shall be the trust and treasure
Of the written words of worth,
Deathlessly to keep each measure,
When the bard is long in earth.
Let thy present humble station,
Home to human bosoms bring ;
And thy future’s exaltation,
What from simplest source may spring.

“To what height of use and glory,
From obscurity may pass ;
Humblest genius speaks the story,
Of the flax flower’s slender grass.”
Said the Sylph—and, softly gliding,
Vanish’d ’mongst the leafy bowers,
With her gentle breath presiding
O’er the sisterhood of flowers.

The Vacant Chair.

SAY, who is she with azure eye,
And cheek so warmly, softly glowing,
And hair as if the sunset's dye
Was all its brightness there bestowing ;
And brow as stainless as the wreath
Of snowy flowers her head adorning,
And rose-bud lips that seem to breathe
The balmy sweets of summer morning ?

How graceful flow her swan-like dress,
And gleams beneath her scarf so thin,
A glow of healthful loveliness
In the wan rose hue of her skin,
As if the softest, slightest touch
O'er marble neck and arm were laid—
So very faint the dye, just such
As gives that lovely life warm shade.

Well might the eye with rapture trace
On that fair brow each guileless charm,
And linger o'er that witching face,
And o'er that bright and peerless form.

Well might young Edward, as his eye
Dwelt fondly on his beauteous bride,
Exclaim, in his soul's ecstacy,
"Of Erin's maids she is the pride !
My Nora, dear, this life's a dream,
One happy, sunny dream about thee ;
To me this dear green isle would seem
A barren wilderness without thee !"

But where has her young husband flown ?
Why sit the guests so silent there ?
The shades of night have stolen on,
And yet is his a vacant chair.
Pale is the cheek of that young bride,
The smile from her sweet lip is fled ;
Her bridal wreath is flung aside,
And droop'd in agony her head.

Had he deserted her? ah, no !
His was a heart could know no change ;
His was a love whose fervent glow
Time could not quench ; and yet how strange,
That he had smiling left her side,
And bounded through a fragrant dell
To gather, for his lovely bride,
Her fav'rite rose and heather bell.

He promised, with his fondest smile,
Soon to rejoin them in the grove,
She saw him cross the grassy stile—
But he returns not to his love ;

And they have search'd the valleys round,
And sought him on the lone sea-shore,
Call'd loudly on his name; no sound
In answer came, save ocean's roar.

Now months and years have onward roll'd,
And yet no word to the bereft,
Of their dear lost one: still they hold
That day as sacred when he left
His happy home; still on that day
His widow'd bride, the fond and fair,
Bedecks her in the same array,
And takes her seat beside his chair.

That vacant chair, oft wet with tears
Wrung from fond hearts, with woe replete,
It stands unoccupied for years,
And no one dares profane that seat.
The bridal day again returns,
They sit in silence round the board,
Each tear-fraught eye in muteness mourns
For the long absent, long deplored.

But who is he that rudely throws
Himself upon that hallow'd seat?
With out-stretch'd hand each guest arose
To raise the offender on his feet.
The stranger bared his head, and waved
The dark locks from his sun-burnt brow;
Fair Nora's bosom wildly heaved,
Her cheek burn'd with a sudden glow:

“ Oh ! Edward, Edward, it is you ! ”

The seaman grasped his sinking bride ;

“ My Nora, ever fond and true !

My father, and my friends ! ” he cried.

A shout of welcome and surprise

Burst loudly from each wond’ring guest ;

And started to the seaman’s eyes

A tear that joy and love express’d.

That eve he left them he had been

Surrounded by a war-ship’s crew,

Convey’d on board, toss’d on the main

Long, long ere night her curtain drew :

And he had ocean battles fought,

Been captured on a foreign shore—

Made his escape, and fondly sought

The joys of his dear home once more !

The Dying Boy.

“MY mother dear,” said a sickly boy,
His pale face glowing with sudden joy,
As the breeze fanned back from a brow too fair
The clustering locks of his raven hair,
And his dark eye gleamed with as clear a light
As eve’s sweet star when it shines most bright—

“My mother dear, it is spring-time now,
I feel its fresh breath on my burning brow,
I see the meadows in light green clad—
O mother, my heart feels strangely glad ;
And soon, perhaps, on yon gowany lea
I shall join my comrades in health and glee.

“That breeze has lingered in yon bright bowers,
Laden with incense from early flowers,
For the odours of violet and primrose pale
Are wafted here on the gentle gale,
And the music of yonder streamlet brings
Back to this bosom such dreamy things

“Of other times, when the summer day
We used to spend on yon sunny brae,
And gather gowans from grassy meads,
For sunny faced girls to string for beads ;
I would leave this earth for a happier clime,
But mother, oh, not in the sweet spring-time.

“ And I love to sport in the summer air,
When the sun shines bright and the earth looks fair,
And I love to play when the yellow light
Of autumn is shed upon tower and height,
And the joyous face of each playmate seems
Brightly tinged with the sunset beams.

“ And ’tis sweet when autumn hours are gone,
And the winter darkling nights steal on,
To sit with friends round the cheerful hearth,
When the storm without cannot stop our mirth.
Ah! mother ’tis hard indeed to say
What season I’d like to be called away.

“ ’Tis a withering thought for the youthful heart
So soon from this earth and its joys to part,
When its every tendril would seem entwined
Round the loved and the lovely we leave behind—
Thus fondly the things of Time we grasp,
And hold to the last with an ivy clasp.”

The spring is past—the summer’s glow
Sheds a radiance bright on all below—
A light breeze sweeps o’er a sunny lea,
Where young ones sport, and the voice of glee
Is borne to a spot, where a mother weeps
O’er a new made grave where her fair boy sleeps.

For the sunny hopes sweet spring-time gave
Passed like the sun on the western wave ;

No health returned to that gentle boy :
Yet his hands were clasped, and his languid eye
Was in meekness raised to that gracious Power
Who cheered his soul in its parting hour.

Speak Gently of the Dead.

THE dead !—nay, mention not the dead,
Thy silence now they claim ;
Wherefore select the low-laid head,
If slander be thy theme ?

Have they no virtues to record ?
Then let their vices lie ;
If from the upright path they've err'd,
Who says—" So have not I ?"

The dead—the lost—whate'er their fault
May've been in life, there's some,
Some who, with heart all sorrow-fraught,
Bewail their lonely home ;

Some who have miss'd them from their hearth,
And could with tears reveal
Such virtues of the "laid in earth,"
As purest bosoms feel.

But be it as it may—'tis not
For us to wound their fame,
And hold to view each tarnish'd spot
Once flung upon their name—

Perhaps by envy, for there are
Tongues that, with scorpion cling,
Lay venom'd hold on character,
E'en till they lose their sting.

But ah! they might in pity spare
The sleepers 'neath the sod;
E'en though their heart was prone to err,
Their gracious judge is God.

Then who are we who so condemn
Our fellow-mortals here?
Arraigned at the same bar with them
All must at last appear;

Each one to answer for his own,
Not for his neighbour's guile;
Who then, before that awful throne,
Can clear himself the while?

Ah! then, speak gently of the dead,
When borne from earth away;
The green sod resting on their head
Might shield from calumny!

Childhood's Pleasures.

'Twas a bright summer morn,
Dewy pearls lay
On the soft blossom'd thorn,
Fragrant and gay ;
Sweetly the rose outspread,
And the blue violet's head
Gleam'd 'bove its grassy bed,
In the sun's ray.

Daisies, like stars of white,
Spangled the earth ;
Streams, in the sunny light,
Danced as in mirth,
Brightly meandering,
As the bee's wand'ring wing
Paused where each scented thing,
Blooming, had birth.

The lark, from its lowly nest,
Springing on high,
Floated, with speckled breast,
'Neath the blue sky ;

Mid the pure ether borne,
Hailing the light's return,
Off'ring to rosy morn
Carols of joy.

In a valley bloom'd many a gem,
Lovely and fair :
The woodbine, with lithesome stem,
Coil'd itself there ;
When joyous feet sought the bowers,
Tiny hands reach'd the flowers,
Bringing down dewy showers,
On their bright hair.

A mother's eye fondly dwelt
On each glad brow,
As she sighed—"Once this bosom felt
All they feel now :"
A tear fell,—ah ! could it be—
Could her babes' childish glee,
Bursting in purity,
Wake aught of woe ?

Ah, no ! it was mem'ry's eye
Turn'd to the time
When she view'd, with as wild a joy,
Meadows in prime ;
When those of her mother's hearth
Join'd in her childish mirth—
Now all had passed from earth
To a bright clime.

“And thus shall it be,” she thought—
“Thus shall it be,
Their eyes shall with tears be fraught,
Thinking on me ;
Yet, my babes, catch the rays,
Never, in after days,
Beams come like infancy’s
Unalloyed glee.”

Shade and Sunshine.

I CLOSED the page : it was a tale of sadness,
And, with its impress heavy on my heart,
Sat musing on life’s hopes, and blights, and madness,
Till twilight bade eve’s lingering beams depart.
Dark and more dark night’s shadows gathered round me,
Filling the air with loneliness and gloom,
Till star rays twinkled through the mist, and found me
A dreamer still within my noiseless room.

Autumnal breezes flitted moaning by me,
As if some spirit’s wail was on the air ;
Whilst scenes of other times came sadly nigh me,
By memory conjured from the days that were.
Yes, trodden grounds upon the past were gleaming
Plain through the vista of departed years,
Each spot with old associations teeming
Sunshine and shadow, happiness and tears.

Ah! what, I sighed, holds life that's worth pursuing?

Surely existence seems a drear mistake;

That, that we would not, we are ever doing,

Walking in slumber till some peril wake.

Finding the pathway of our blind selection

Lost 'neath the darkness of the midnight skies;

Groping for outlet in each drear direction,

Mourning life's one spring tide we did not prize.

Casting each rueful glance o'er moments wasted,

In reaching fruit the far off branches bore;

Grasping the promised pleasure which, when tasted,

Proved but the apples of the Dead Sea shore.

Alas! and is the gall and acid blended—

The weary wanderings, disappointments, strife,

And vain regret?—all can be comprehended

In the brief thing we fondly cling to—Life.

The morn's rich beams a roseate light was throwing

O'er autumn's robe of richly varied hue,

The waving trees in green and gold were glowing,

Glittering with gems of ruby tinted dew.

The wind-woke music of the leaves resembled

The gentlest murmurs of far-distant seas,

As if a requiem on the glad air trembled

For those borne earthward by the passing breeze.

Yet all around joy's spirit was prevailing,

Whilst hope found rapturous and exulting wing,

And faith looked upward to that source unfailing

For many a bliss, ere other leaves should spring.

The yellow grain o'er slope and plain extended,
And cheerful labour was in joy begun,
With laugh and song the busy reaper bended
His sickle glancing to the early sun.

The morn its genial influence imparted,
And bade the soul's desponding shadows flee ;
And, " Oh ! forgive the weak, the thankless-hearted,"
I cried, in spirit of the bended knee.
" Who could life's picture, in its darkness viewing,
Divest it of its sunlight, flowers, and joy,
Kind Providence o'er all my path is strewing,
Imparting shade but where bliss needs alloy?"

A New-Year Wish.

MOST WARMLY INSCRIBED TO R—— B——.

CHILD of the blue and sparkling eye, and love-inspiring
mein,
Thou of the clear and stainless brow, where strays
each azure vein,
Fair is thy pleasure-beaming face, thy tones are fraught
with joy,
As new-born winds which greet young flowers 'neath
spring time's azure sky ;

Sport on, thou light and lovely thing, this is the time
of mirth,

When voices blend in many a strain to hail the new-
year's birth.

Old '49 hath passed away, young '50 now appears,
To smile upon thy downy brow, child of four sunny
years ;

Now whilst around that happy hearth thou mov'st, its
life and glee,

Whilst kind hands pat thy little head, and raise thee to
the knee,

And whilst they hear thy merry laugh, and childhood's
prattling tongue,

And smile, amazed that wisdom's words should flow
from lips so young ;

Who bless thy little joy-lit face, in infant beauty clad,
And, listening to their baby mirth, feel their own souls
made glad.

Oh, yes ! while float around thee, boy, kind wishes, all
sincere—

Mine I would offer fervently, " To thee a happy year."

A happy year ! nay, years of bliss their golden wings
out-spread,

Sweet child of many a hope and prayer, above thy
guileless head.

May those, the high and kind of heart, whose fostering
care is thine,

Whose soul with more than parent's love around thee,
boy, entwine,

Long see thee at their hearth and board a pure and
joyous thing,
The precious and the bright-eyed gem of their unbroken
ring ;
With bounding step and gushing heart, and playful
laugh to cheer,
And glad the eyes which watch thy path from happy
year to year.

Till life's young April hours are left in childhood's vale
behind,
And all which now gives promise of a more than com-
mon mind
Be fully realised in thee, as through the vale of youth
Thou speed'st, with honour for thy guide, thy close
companion truth—
Life's chalice flow to thee and thine as full of earthly
bliss
As e'er was raised to human lips in such a world a
this ;
Be thine, dear boy, true friendship's joy, love, an
abundant cheer,
And all that lives in these brief words, " Be thin
happy year."

My own dear Home.

NAY, tear me not away
From my own dear home,
My feet no more shall stray
From my own dear home ;
On the stem where first it shone
Let the blighted flower droop on,
Till its fading glory's gone,
In its own dear home.

Let gladder hearts find joy
From their own dear home,
But I see a bluer sky
O'er my own dear home :
There more gaily flaunts the broom,
There the rose sheds more perfume,
And the lilies brighter bloom,
Round my own dear home.

And I think the whisp'ring breeze
Round my own dear home,
Breathes softer through the trees
Round my own dear home ;

All is fair that meets the sight,
E'en the streamlets glide more bright
In their own sweet sunny light,
Round my own dear home.

Then wherefore seek me now
From my own dear home?
Death's hand is own my brow
In my own dear home;
Change of air could never bring
Back the flow of health's sweet spring,
Blighted hearts still closer cling
To their own dear home.

These feet that feebly stray
Round my own dear home,
Shall soon be borne away
To a lone, dark home;
There this weary heart shall rest,
There, above my pulseless breast,
Shall the green, green turf be press'd,
O'er my lone, dark home.

But when I am removed
From my own dear home,
From the loving and the loved
In my own dear home,
Think on me, but not in gloom,
In a cold and silent tomb,
But in sweet immortal bloom
In a bright, bright home.

S o n g .

ADIEU, each rich and wild retreat
Around Duncutha lying,
To fairy murmurs soft and sweet
Upon the glad breeze dying—
To dark Loch Eck, and leafy dell,
Whose charms have so entwined me ;
And that still more enchanting spell,
The girl I left behind me.

Adieu, adieu ! yon cheerful hearth,
Round which the genial hearted
Left record of pure social mirth,
On page of time departed ;
A golden dream amidst the past,
In which, whate'er assign'd me,
I'll meet, sweet as I saw her last,
The girl I left behind me.

Yes, fancy shall restore again
This scenery enchanting,
The grandeur wild of highland glen,
The wavelet's azure glancing ;

But chief the voice of friendship warm
Shall to Dunclutha bind me,
Where reigns, rich in each maiden charm,
The girl I left behind me.

Now, flutter like a sea-bird's wing,
Each snowy sheet unfurling ;
Our bark, so like a living thing,
Glides on 'mid foam wreaths curling.
And once again I breathe farewell ;
Oh, heaven's best blessings find thee,
Presiding sylph of heath and dell,
Sweet girl I leave behind me !

Pass round the wine cup rich and red,
And pledge the guileless hearted—
The gentle one is won and wed
Since in her home we parted ;
The future be with pleasures rife,
No cares to them assign'd be—
The happy youth and peerless wife,
The girl I left behind me.

Alma.

YES! the battle was real—the tumult and terror—
The roaring of cannon—the shrieks of despair—
The frenzy and slaughter, and soul-chilling horror—
Too sadly bore witness that warfare was there.

But where was the tinsel, the tissue of glory,
The pen of romance o'er the battle-field spread?
It shone not where thousands lay gasping and gory,
And the vulture's wing shadow'd the brows of the dead.
It cheer'd not a soldier who, bleeding and jaded,
Sank helpless and faint on the red sward to die.
With battle-won fame's bright delusions all faded—
Death's ice at his heart, and its film on his eye.

Far distant flew thought to his dear native valley,
Where the soldier's proud trappings first met his
glad sight,
When gay martial music rang through the green alley,
Awaking wild visions, as baseless as bright;
No laggard heart beat in the breast of the dying,
Still foremost where hottest the contest was held;
But truth touch'd the chaplet for which men were trying,
And its halo, and all but the blood-stains dispell'd.

The veil in which war had her features invested,
Outrival'd the silver-veil'd prophets of old;
Which, when from her brow by reality wrested,
Expos'd a dire visage, all horrors untold.

How mournfully radiant rose home recollections,
Contrasting with all that lone dark hour displayed!
How dear, now, the distant! how prized their affections
From whom he had wandered to follow a shade!
How sad, in the hush of his heart's desolation,
His mother's wail rang when the death tidings fell!
A tear wet his cheek, as that heart's last pulsation
Sent voiceless o'er seas, its last fervent farewell.

Ah, what to the mourners for those in death's slumber,
The tidings that Alma was gloriously gain'd—
That the foes of the Pasha fell countless in number,
When its slopes with their own lost ones' life-blood
are stained?

There the soldier lies heedless of battle and danger,
With thousands who hopefully crossed the wild wave.
Peace, peace to their dust, in the land of the stranger,
And solace to those who weep far from their grave!

“The Dying Minstrel to his Lyre.”

AN! this is the pillow of green, green moss
For which I have yearn'd so long
To rest my head, as my soul should pass
From earth, with its farewell song;
And this is the hour, the lone, still hour,
In which I so wish'd to die,
When the red beams linger on tree and flow'r,
And eve's balmy breeze sweeps by.

And now, my lyre, I shall strike thy chords,
I shall waken thy last, last lay,
For I would that the minstrel's dying words
Might live in an after day.
Oh, say that I sank into sweet repose
Ere the gloss from my locks had fled,
Though the rose on my cheek was a faded rose—
That I slept with the early dead!

And say my heart was a weary heart
Of life and its bitter thrall,
Of the selfish world, and its cruel art,
Which the honey-drop changed to gall:

And say ere ever it pined to rest
 'Neath the turf in the cypress shade,
It had found that hope was a powerless zest,
 And trust was for aye betray'd !

But hope ! oh, hope had the glorious rays,
 When the flash of my infant fame
Brought throngs of those, who in after days,
 Ah ! colder than ice became.
And trust ! how I trusted the friendly smile
 The lip that could speak me fair !
But the veil was riven from hearts the while,
 And I turn'd from what met me there.

And, oh ! but the spell was a glorious spell
 That love o'er my spirit flung !
But all, all faded I worshipp'd well,
 And to which I most gladly clung.
Then say, my lyre, that the minstrel said
 It was sweet to be borne away,
When each charm from life and earth had fled
 Which could waken one pulse's play.

Yon floating clouds in the gorgeous west,
 Like banners of gold unfurl'd,
As the crimson sheen of their glories rest
 On this fair and this changing world—
To-morrow shall come and again restore
 The splendours which now you wear ;
But to-morrow the soul of the bard shall soar
 'Bove earth and all earthly care.

The Cabin Boy.

HE KNELT, received her blessing, and departed,
The big tears rolling o'er his cheek like rain;
And she, the mourning one, the lonely-hearted,
Wept for her wanderer on the stormy main.
How happy was she when her boy was near her!
With him, alas! she saw each joy depart.
Who, in his absence, could have power to cheer her?—
The fair young darling of her widow'd heart.

For ev'ry gale must wake each sad emotion,
And fancy conjure up such fearful things—
She'll see him struggling in the ruthless ocean,
As to the drifting wreck he wildly clings.
Two years must roll away, of hope and sorrow,
Ere she shall on the deep his bark descry;
But her fond prayer shall follow him each morrow,
And night, in dreams, restore her Cabin Boy.

Time has roll'd on: to England now returning,
The proud bark lightly bounds o'er sunny seas;
Her white sails gleaming in the beams of morning,
And graceful swelling in the homeward breeze.

The Cabin Boy, with brow all joy and gladness,
And heart with fondest thoughts of home elate,
Stood on the deck ; how could one pulse of sadness
Throb in a bosom with such hopes replete ?

Oh ! what bright visions sweetly swam before him
Of his loved home ! His heart beat wild and high.
Could it indeed be so ?—should night restore him
To his own mother ? Lost in ecstasy,
The Boy thus mused, his blue eye softly beaming,
Bright with the hopes that trembled in his breast :
When, lo ! a voice aroused from its fond dreaming,
The heart in its own golden visions blest,
With “ Wherefore stand you musing there, young
dreamer ?

Aloft, and hoist old England’s colours bright ;
We see Britannia’s cliffs, before a streamer
Is seen to glitter in the sunset’s light.”

With bounding heart, the gallant boy obeyed—
The flag unfurling with a joyous hand,
As from the mast with rapture he survey’d
The sunny outlines of his native land.
“ Huzza !” he cried, when to the top advanced,
“ Our own dear England’s happy shores are nigh !”
Then from the giddy height he downward glanced—
But, in the sudden wildness of his joy,
He miss’d his hold : and hark ! from the bright ocean
There comes a desperate and fearful scream,
And from the deck they see, with sad emotion,
The struggling boy, and the flag’s crimson gleam,

Furl'd closely round him ! Vainly they deplore him,
And vain is every effort used to save ;
He sinks, the waters glitter brightly o'er him,
The flag his shroud, the restless deep his grave !

On Seeing a Dead Child.

I SAW a sweet and lovely child,
Pale, pale, upon a couch she lay,
Round her were strew'd flow'rs fresh and wild,
And yet she seem'd more fair than they ;
Although her brow felt cold and chill,
Her face wore beauty's freshness still.

It might be thought an angel slept,
Her features seemed so heavenly fair ;
The sweet smile that in life she kept,
In cherub softness linger'd there,
And such a life-like radiance shed
O'er the mild features of the dead.

And can it be, I musing thought,
Whilst gazing on the beauteous clay,
That, ere the blue eye closed, it caught
A glimpse of those who bore away
The soul, and that last smile was given,
To greet the messengers of heaven ?

The Auld Aik Tree.

How thought awakens thought
 'Neath this Auld Aik Tree—
Wi' pain and pleasure fraught ;
 For this Auld Aik Tree,
With a necromantic power,
Can conjure up each hour
Spent in childhood's happy bower,
 'Neath this Auld Aik Tree.

The very breeze that plays
 Round this Auld Aik Tree,
Seems to breathe of other days
 'Neath this Auld Aik Tree.
When our hearts beat glad and light,
As the stream, wi' glory bright,
Dances down from height to height,
 Through this Auld Aik Tree.

Young bounding bosoms met
 'Neath this Auld Aik Tree,
And fancy sees them yet
 'Neath this Auld Aik Tree—

Each youthful brow sae fair,
Gleaming glad 'neath braided hair,
Unknown to pain or care,
 'Neath this Auld Aik Tree.

Ah! that was life's young morn,
 'Neath this Auld Aik Tree,
And our hearts' were there untorn,
 'Neath this Auld Aik Tree;
All was then one sunny spring,
Then we felt no sorrow's sting—
There was nought our heart to wring,
 'Neath this Auld Aik Tree.

And now I love to bide
 'Neath this Auld Aik Tree;
And who would dare to chide,
 When this Auld Aik Tree
As close to mem'ry clings
As the very ivy rings
That nature coils an' flings
 Round this Auld Aik Tree?

Stanzas

HE paused : wild laughs and fitful screams came bursting on the breeze ;
He leaned upon his staff to view the sporters 'twixt the trees :
Their silken locks danced back from brows all glad and sun-embrowned,
And agile feet flew quick as thought above the daisied ground.
A few had gained the goal, and there secure, but panting, stood,
Whilst others bounded towards the spot, pursuing and pursued ;
Then rose again the laugh and scream, hand grasping tiny hand,
Till all within the circle stood, a rosy, breathless band.
The old man's ear drank in the sounds of little ones at play,
And as he gazed his dim eye seemed re-lit with youthful ray :
"The past, it is the past itself, embodied here in truth,
The thoughtless, painless, passionless, sweet primrose time of youth,

When beauty's spell lies all around, o'er fields, and
flowers, and skies,
And every object wears the mirth of childhood's joylit
eyes.
Rejoice in life, ye little ones ; oh ! who could mar
your joy,
Who revelled once in childhood's sports, or been him-
self a boy ;
Who, wearied out with very joy, each night hath sank
to rest,
And woke again, the same glad thoughts still gushing
in his breast—
All happiness, ne'er thinking why, nor whence, nor
where the source,
As rapture with existence blent were but a thing of
course ?
Sport on, ye happy ones, sport on, while life's glad
morn endures,
The wholeness of affection now, and truthfulness are
yours ;
A few revolving springs, and these sweet, gladsome
starry eyes,
Shall see less beauty in the earth, less brilliancy in
skies ;—
Yet who would by convictions break, of coming care
and pain,
And wrinkled age, the glorious dreams which in young
bosoms reign ?

The Stream of Life.

LIFE's infant stream, how calm and fair,
And beautiful it lies,
It's silv'ry surf reflecting clear
Young morning's cloudless skies !
How smooth our little barque glides on
Upon the sunny stream—
How everything we gaze upon
Looks bright as poet's dream.

Unruffled by one breeze of care
The waters onward glide,
Unbittered by one woe-fraught tear
Flows on the lucid tide ;
Or if a tear should chance to fall
In childish sorrowing,
'Tis lighter than the dewy pearl
Shook from the skylark's wing.

And oh ! what sweet and gladsome bowers
The sunny banks adorn—
We reach and pluck the fadeless flowers
That bloom without a thorn ;

With bounding heart we rapturous drink
From young joy's guileless spring,
Nor ever in that bright hour think
What sorrows yet shall ring

The heart round which dance dreamy things,
Bright as the golden beam
The orb of day effulgent flings
Upon the silver stream.

On, onward by the current borne,
We reach the stream of youth ;
We fancy, as in life's young morn,
All innocence and truth :

We see the flowers we loved so much,
And try to catch the joy ;
We, passing, grasp—but at our touch
The transient glories die.
Now fancy's rainbow tints pourtray
Our path, along the wave
All sunshine, and the colours gay,
Hide far the distant grave.

The stream is deeper, wider now,
And fitful gales arise ;
Deep whirlpools grumble far below,
And darker seem the skies.
We're launch'd on manhood's watery waste—
We drink of manhood's cup—
'Tis gall and acid to the taste—
Ah ! where's the honied drop ?

Hope, like a phantom, but allures
Our path from wave to wave,
With joys that never can be ours
On this side of the grave.
As little wanton school-boys try
Their shadow to outrun,
So we pursue the fleeting joy,
And end as we began.

Then back, through disappointment's tears,
On by-past scenes we gaze ;
There, in the vale of other years,
The stream of early days,
Bright as the azure vault above,
In hallow'd glory lies :
Oh ! all is happiness and love
'Neath young life's sunny skies.

Ere Young Leaves Spring again.

THE breeze of autumn sighing strewed
The sear leaves o'er my path ;
Deeply impress'd, I musing view'd
The monitors of death.

The faded verdure found a tongue—

“Oh ye,” it seemed to cry,

“However strong, however young,
Know you must surely die.”

Yea, many that with buoyant tread

Trip o'er the leaf-strewn plain,
Shall rest them in a lonely bed
Ere young leaves spring again.

Not long since, from the fost'ring earth,

'Mid showers and beams, we sprung ;

Nature rejoiced at our birth,

Each bird our welcome sung.

Night gave us drink of balmy dew,

We fairer bloomed each day,

Each morning brought us strength anew—

What thought we of decay ?

We had not felt the blighting power
Of autumn's sad breath then.
And oh ! for many a human flower
Ere young leaves spring again.

The eye of fire, where speaks the mind
In language deep and strong ;
The heart, where glows the thought refined
Of rapture-breathing song.
The sunny smile, the voice of mirth,
Like us, shall pass away,—
Alas ! ye children of the earth,
Ye bloom but to decay.
Yea, many a brow of beauty bright,
Unknown to grief or pain,
Shall sleep a long, long dreamless night,
Ere young leaves spring again.

Home Longings.

ISLE of Erin, I am longing
Once again to tread thy shore ;
Yearnings to this breast are thronging
To behold thy vales once more.
Ever and anon like shadows,
Do those wishes haunt my heart,
Which would 'mid the sunlit meadows,
Of my own old home depart.

Oh ! again to tread thy mountains
Where the breeze sweeps fresh and free,
Gaze upon thy sparkling fountains,
Dashing on in mirth and glee.
Have a ramble through the wild woods
Where is seen no tiller's track ;
And perchance, a gush of childhood's
Deep ecstatic raptures back.

Young dear friends from whom I parted,
Tearfully in life's young morn ;
Are ye still the joyous-hearted
In the Isle where ye were born ?
Ever in this fond heart's dreaming,
Though since then long years have passed,
I can see your young brows beaming
Glad, as I beheld them last.

Ah ! how many recollections
Of each happy, long ago ;
Early friends, and young affections,
To this bosom ever flow.
Yes, fond memories come thronging,
" Isle of beauty," fraught with thee,
And my heart is ever longing
There, to wake the wild harp's glee.

Where the golden sun is shining
Brightly on each verdant scene,
Flowers in iris myriads twining,
O'er thy turf's luxuriant green.

All might be around me throwing
What old home scenes can impart,
When they wear the glad and glowing
Light of the return'd one's heart.

The Unforgotten One.

DESCRIPTION fails, language is far too weak,
To tell the beauties of my early love ;
Ah ! she was fairer than the rose, and meek,
And fond, and gentle as the turtle dove.
The golden tinge of sunset in the sky
Appeared not brighter than her flowing hair ;
The violet's hue was in her beaming eye,
And all her gentle soul seem'd speaking there.
It beam'd so softly through its long dark fringe,
Whene'er I cross'd her path, or met by chance,
O'er her young cheek would spread a deeper tinge,
And then what thoughts spoke in her hurried glance ?
I knew she lov'd me, and a nameless joy
Would thrill, quick as electric fluid's dart,
My soul was mute in the deep ecstasy
That took possession of my throbbing heart.
Ah ! never, never shall my soul forget
The hour in which my love I first confessed :
'Twas eve, when in a fragrant bower we met,
When all was still—e'en zephyrs lay at rest ;

'Twas there we talked of love, of truth, and joy,
The blush still deep'ning on her youthful cheek ;
There, in her timid, half-averted eye,
I read more tenderness than worlds can speak.
But, ah ! she was too good, and kind, and dear—
Too gentle and belov'd for this cold earth ;
Not long she grac'd our troubl'd pathway here ;
Alas for beauty, and alas for worth !
She died in loveliness, like some fair flower
Pluck'd in its beauty from its parent stem ;
We lost her in her sweetest, brightest hour,
Like some fair pearl from a diadem.
I knew it was the hand of death had flung
The snowy paleness o'er her youthful brow
And yet to hope my trembling spirit clung,
Like autumn's last leaf to the wither'd bough.
But long her mem'ry shall be treasur'd where
Nought of this world shall ever mix alloy,
Nor time, nor change, nor years of bliss or care,
Shall her bright image from my heart destroy !

Reminiscences.

My dream it was of other hours,
When life, and love, and hope were young,
Ere I had left my native bowers,
Or heard aught but my native tongue;
Or ere a sorrow cloud o'erspread
My young horizon, bright and clear,
Or ere my eye had learned to shed
The bitter and the burning tear.

Methought I joyous stood once more
With those, the friends of love and truth;
I mingled, as in days of yore,
With the companions of my youth.
Through fair and fertile garden ground
Methought we wander'd hand in hand,
We trod the valleys that surround
My native home, in Erin's land.

O'er upland glens and sunny braes,
We rambled in our boundless glee,
As we were wont in youthful days,
When every heart beat light and free;

And from the margin of a stream,
Soft quiv'ring to the gentle breeze—
Now dancing in the sunny beam,
Now dark'ning 'neath o'er-arching trees ;

Now gliding on its level course,
O'er sanded bottom, smooth and grey ;
Then murm'ring, angry-like, and hoarse,
When jutting rocks impede its way—
We gathered flowers of various hues,
And wove festoons to deck our hair,
For bounteous Nature, all profuse,
Display'd her sweetest colours there.

We lingered long by that bright stream,
It seem'd a chosen fairy spot,
And each presented, in my dream,
To me the flower, "Forget-me-not."
And one was there, a fair young boy,
With gentle brow and sunny hair,
Whose very smile imparted joy—
Yes, he, methought—he, too, was there.

I heard his voice—long silent now—
And felt the magic of his smile,
And gazed upon his joyous brow,
And, oh ! my heart felt glad the while.
And then, when evening shades stole on,
We gathered round the cheerful hearth,
And many a youthful voice, now gone,
Joined in our guileless, boundless mirth.

'Twas love and friendship forged each link,
Which seemed to clasp us heart to heart ;
Then I awoke, and wept to think
That scenes so fair should e'er depart.
Where are they now, those friends of truth,
Companions of life's early morn ?
Like dreams that gild a poet's youth,
They're vanished, never to return !

Gone ! they are gone, just like the light
With which the sunset-rays illumine
The western wave, ere sombre night
Has buried all in shade and gloom.
Yet recollection oft recalls
Those hallowed phantoms of the past ;
E'en now, through memory's lonely halls,
They flit just as I saw them last.

The Poet's Wreath.

Eve's brightest colours tinged the glowing west
With many a rose-like and a golden dye,
Where day's gay monarch slowly sunk to rest
Amid the splendours of his majesty.
The golden hues fell richly on a bower
Where bloom'd the woodbine and the lily bright.
Till every trembling leaf and bending flower
Seem'd deeply glowing with the purple light.

A murm'ring stream—pure as the dewy tear
The sun's warm kiss sips from the blushing rose—
Flowed o'er its pebbled bed, so smooth and clear,
Its very murmurs whispered of repose.
Eve's wanton zephyrs lightly waved the turf,
Where spread the dewy thyme and purple heath,
Curling with fragrant wing the silvery surf
Of Doon's bright stream, in many a dimpling wreath ;

Parting the green boughs o'er the bower, entwined
As if to let the yellow sunlight gleam
Upon the face of one 'mid flowers reclined,
Who seemed entranced in some delightful dream ;
For ever and anon the spirit's glow
Danced like a sunbeam in his hazel eye,
Where could be traced the feeling's ardent flow,
Rising from the warm heart's ecstasy.

He was a child of nature, and he heard
Her voice in the soft music breathed around,
In the low murmur when the leaves were stirred,
In the bright streamlet's joyous song-like sound ;
He traced her blooming footsteps in the grove,
And in the richer wildness of the glen ;
Her beauties lured her willing feet to rove
Far from the bustling haunts of busy men.

And oft the fragrant solitude he sought—
He loved to linger there at eventide,
For then the deep, luxuriant stream of thought
Through many a wild and flow'ry maze would glide.

But now a being stood before his sight,
With wavy ringlets glittering round her head,
And figure decked in robes of floating light,
Which round her form a sacred halo shed.

She seemed at once to please and to command,
So dignified the witching smile she wore ;
A golden lyre she held in her right hand,
And in her left a fadeless wreath she bore.
Amazed, he started from his leafy bed,

And solemnly before her bent the knee—
“ Who art thou, glorious visitant ? ” he said,
“ Or on what mission comest thou to me ?

“ Art thou the beauteous guardian of these bowers ?
Or a bright wing'd inhabitant of light,
Come down with rainbow-tints to paint the flowers,
And scatter dew-drops 'neath the shades of night ? ”

She, smiling, placed the chaplet on his head—

“ I the refined and melting thought inspire !
Lo ! I have crown'd thee Minstrel now,” she said,
“ Wear the green diadem, and strike the lyre.

“ Yes, strike the lyre, and let the trembling chords
Give to the list'ning world each burning theme ;
Pour out thy lofty soul in glowing words,
And let thy country glory in thy name.”

The minstrel raised the lyre, and swept the strings,
First with a gentle and a timid hand,
Then bolder and more perfect music springs,
And melting strains are wafted o'er the land.

And far the fame of that sweet bard was spread,
And far the tones of his bold lyre were borne;
And the green diadem that crown'd his head
Wore all the brightness of a summer morn.
And oft Doon's winding flow'ry banks along,
The youthful Minstrel would be seen to stray;
His dark eye kindling with the lofty song,
Then beaming softness with the plaintive lay.

He sweetly sung of all things bright and fair,
The lowliest flower had charms to woo his eye—
The proud rose waving in the summer air—
The daisy bending to the zephyr's sigh.
He sung of nature in her rich attire,
And in her rudest and most awful form;
Then strains majestic trembled from his lyre,
As his wing'd fancy soared above the storm.

No lyre like his the thrilling power possess'd—
No hand like his so skilful swept the chords,
And all who heard his matchless lays, confess'd
That Scotland's Minstrel was the Bard of Bards!
For years he laboured, and the light of song
Undying honour to his country drew;
And still his growing fame was borne along,
And still his birth-place shone with charms anew.

Yet, strange to tell, though Scotland felt the while
Such matchless merit claimed a rich reward;
E'en when the light of genius cheered her isle,
She loved the honour, yet forgot the Bard!

But soon she lifted up her voice and wept,
A dark'ning cloud upon her glory hung ;
For there her bright, neglected Minstrel slept,
His lips lay silent, and his lyre unstrung.

And now 'twas her's past conduct to atone,
She mourn'd the star which should no more illumine ;
She wept that such injustice had been done,
And spread his brightest laurels on his tomb,
And raised memorials to his sacred name,
To which, with mournful pride she ever turns ;
Though many a gem of worth her land could claim,
Yet still she boasted only of *one* Burns !

And now I stand where that great Bard oft stood,
Where fading sunbeams on the Doon expire ;
I gaze upon each fertile solitude,
Long made immortal by his glowing lyre.
And I have strayed where he was wont to stray—
Stood in the cottage where the Bard had birth ;
Now, with admiring gratitude, I pay
My humble homage at the shrine of worth.

Gems from the Muse's academic bowers,
In richness and in beauty deck his grave ;
Yet, creep at times the lowliest of flowers
To the same garden where proud roses wave.
Then, if 'mid laurels that o'ershade his tomb,
This little sprig may find a place the while,
Though scant of verdure, and though faint of bloom,
To brighter offerings it may prove a foil !

Lines

TO THE MEMORY OF THE REV. CHARLES CAMPBELL, D.D.,
LATE VICAR OF NEWRY.

WHILST mourning friends surround thy silent bier,
And many an eye is dimmed by sorrow's tear,
An humble muse sad tribute too would pay,
And to thy mem'ry weave one simple lay.
Yet purer honours deck thy reverend name,
Than minstrel's boldest lyre could breathe to fame;
Thy dear remembrance, 'tis not her's to give
To immortality;—it still must live
Within the bleeding hearts of friends bereft,
Among the weeping flock which thou hast left,
To whom thou pointedst out the path divine—
Religion's footsteps meekly traced by thine!
Yes! faithful did thou plough the gospel field,
The Spirit's two-edged sword with fervour wield,
Fight the good fight of faith, accounting dross
All save the blood-stained banner of the Cross!
'Neath which thou wert when from life's vale removed,
A more than conqueror through Him that loved.
A glorious victor o'er the grave and death,
A bright example by thy works and faith,
Thy memory shall live in sweet record,
Thou true and faithful—sainted of the Lord!

Thy christian memory, to all endeared,
Shall ever be remember'd and revered !
The widows' tears in sorrow may descend ;
The fatherless have lost a matchless friend.
Yet, though the poor thy presence deeply miss,
Thine is a change to pure, immortal bliss.
Ah ! then, since thou has gained eternal rest,
Twere selfish to regret thy spirit blest.

Envy not the Poet's Lot.

ENVY not the Poet's lot,
Though his pathway seemeth
Strewn with roses, and each spot
Bright as sunlight gleameth.
There's a thorn amid the flowers,
Which most deeply woundeth ;
Oft when gladdest seem the bowers,
Sorrow most aboundeth.

Covet not the starry wreath
Which the Poet weareth,
There is bitterness beneath,
Envy keen prepareth.
Deem not that each happy lay
Speaks a heart of gladness—
Oft his strains appear most gay
When his soul's all sadness.

Sigh not for the Poet's breast
With its golden visions,
Still pursuing Hope's bright rest,
Finding still delusions.
Grasping at the shadowy thing,
Ever onward gaining,
Flinging glory from its wing,
Ne'er within attaining.

Yet whene'er the Poet's hands,
O'er the dear harp straying,
Music's soothing voice commands,
Sorrow's throbs allaying,
Not rich eastern diadems
In his eye appeareth
Half so glorious as the gems
Which his forehead weareth.

Nor would he his heart exchange,
With its fond confiding,
For the noblest in the range
Of deceit's residing.
Friends !—the few he values more
Than the glitt'ring shining
Of Peruvia's precious ore
In its seventh refining.

Happy then the Poet's lot,
When his lyre he stringeth,
Though by heartless ones forgot,
Tried and true love clingeth.

In Memoriam.

WRITTEN AT AYR ON THE DAY OF THE INTERMENT OF
THE DEEPLY LAMENTED EARL OF EGLINTON
AND WINTON.

"He was a man, take him for all in all :
We shall not gaze upon his like again."—*Hamlet*.

UPON the solemn hush sad sounds are stealing
Slow, mournful tollings of the passing bell ;
Unopened marts, and grief looks, are revealing
How dearly loved was he whose is the knell.
A drooping banner from the tower is floating,
And half-raised pendants from each ship mast fall ;
The rank of the illustrious dead denoting,
And reverential grief, sustained by all.

In courtly halls a mighty shadow's lying,
Filling each joy-scene with a sudden gloom ;
In humbler mansions there are tears and sighing,
Deep as e'er trembled o'er a brother's tomb.
"Gone !" cries the universal voice of mourning,
"Our Eglinton, the courteous, free, and kind ;
Our prince of peers, his lofty sphere adorning,
Noble in rank, but nobler still in mind."

Scarcely have faded each triumphant measure
Which rose in honour of his natal day,
'Till deepest woe usurps the place of pleasure,
And festal garbs are changed for black array.

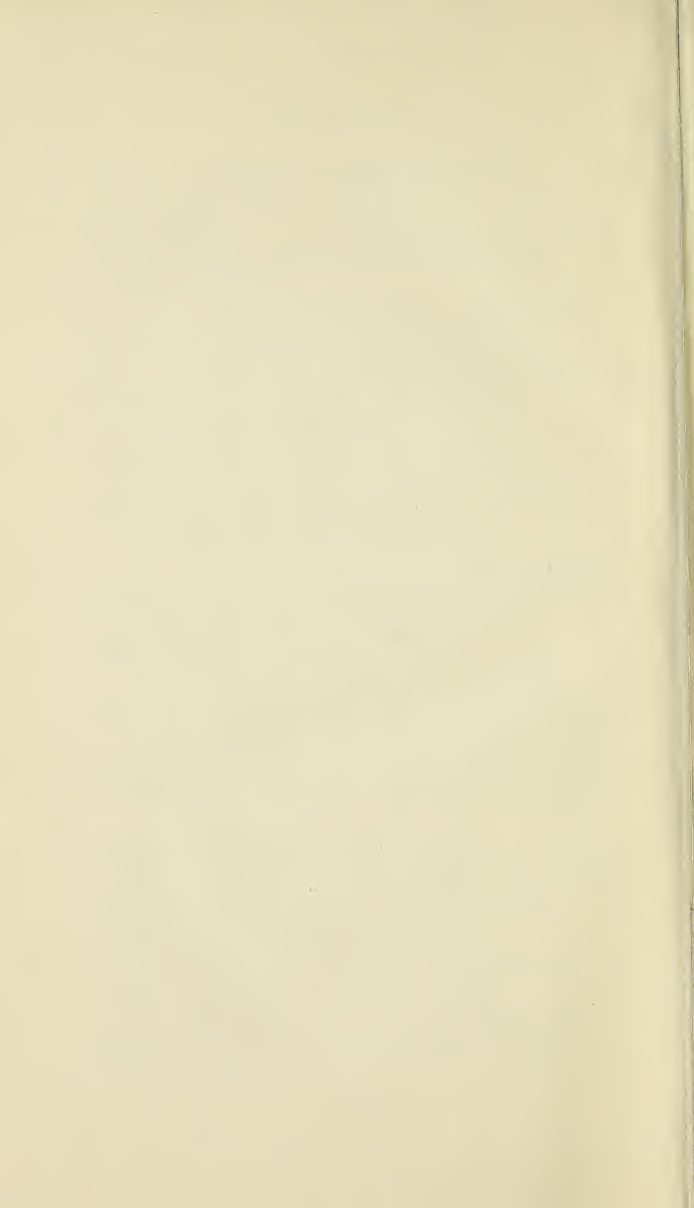
“Dead—dead!” is uttered, to the tomb the
Mysterious heaven! why are we thus bereav’d?
Ill can the rich, the poor, the country spare him—
Why was he taken and the worthless left?

He whose great heart was filled to overflowing
With every gen’rous and ennobling grace;
Whose worth, a glory on high rank bestowing,
Has left a memory time can ne’er efface.
As fellow-beings looked he on all classes,
By ties connected rank could not divide;
And to upraise, improve, and bless the masses,
Was Eglinton’s *aristocratic* pride.

To him, the great and good, ’twas no descending
To join the *people* in their healthful sports;
His affability, so rare, but tending
To add to dignity, which shone in courts.
Tears such as ne’er weep titled ones are falling,
“Lord Eglinton!” is breathed in solemn woe;
“Many thy virtues—sudden came death’s calling—
Yet few such life-spent usefulness could show.”

Long shall thy death, by lip of song recorded,
Be borne in sorrow Time’s swift stream along;
But never can thy genuine worth be worded,
Or grief so universal told in song.
Peace to thy ashes! May thy pure life ended
To emulation stir those left behind.
Peace to thy dust! now to the vault attended;
Joy to thy spirit, to its loved ones joined!





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